

THE LIVING AGE:

A Weekly Magazine of Contemporary Literature and Thought.

(FOUNDED BY E. LITTELL IN 1844.)

SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME XXII.

NO. 3107. JAN. 23, 1904.

FROM BEGINNING
Vol. CXXI. 2

THE LATEST VIEW OF HISTORY.

Professor Bury, in his Inaugural Lecture, delivered at Cambridge in January last, and since published in book form, arrests attention with the following remarkable words:—

It has not yet become superfluous to insist that history is a science, no less and no more. The famous saying of Ranke—"Ich will nur sagen wie es eigentlich gewesen ist"—was widely applauded, but it was little accepted in the sense of a warning against transgressing the province of facts; it is a text which must still be preached, and when it has been fully taken to heart, though there may be many schools of political philosophy, there will no longer be divers schools of history.¹

One could ask for no fairer warning. If this latest view of history comes to prevail, any one who, in future, shall be trained to the profession of historical writing or teaching, must be instructed at the Universities to abandon all literary or speculative ambition, and all emotional or ethical reading of the past. He will be exhorted to conform to one school, which is to be a

school of science and no more. Thenceforth history will be presented to the public without any literary dress, as a chronicle of bare facts arranged on scientific principles. Others, says Professor Bury in the last sentence of his lecture, may write historical novels or philosophies of history; but the historian shall do nothing but collect facts, demonstrate chains of cause and effect, and present his results to the world as "a science, no less and no more."

The question, in its broader aspect, is this: whether, starting from the twentieth century, mankind shall banish literature, emotion, and speculative thought, from the examination which it accords to its own past. The issue involves consequences to the mental development of the human race so great, that other classes besides that of professed scientific historians may claim to be heard, before it is decided that only one school of history shall be allowed to exist.

The present writer, though he has produced no work which he can venture to call either literary or scientific, here ventures to express his own belief in a few of the many proper functions of history which Professor Bury hopes

¹ "An Inaugural Lecture," J. B. Bury, M. A., Regius Professor of History, Cambridge University Press, 1903. p. 19.

to see suppressed. I cannot claim to speak by right of any authority or of any achievement, but merely as a "private speculative individual." For ten years I have belonged to the free society of learners and teachers in a school of history, where the relations of literature and science are yet to be determined. Professor Bury's very distinction makes his utterances subject of public controversy; what is spoken from the chair is an open challenge to all heretics. The Professor has done good service by proclaiming openly the doctrines, which many, without troubling about the theory, have long been carrying out in practice. But I venture to hope that his views will not be accepted in their entirety by the whole rising generation of historians; for, if they are, history will be shorn of many of the highest functions it has fulfilled in the past, of the yet higher realms to which it might attain in the distant future, and of the wide influence on thought and character which it still exercises in the present.

The question is not whether history is a science as well as an art, for that has been long decided in the affirmative, but whether history is an art as well as a science; and if Professor Bury has his way that will be decided in the negative. It is not a question of recognition for the collectors of facts, which in our country was never denied to them; but of toleration for those who wish to apply the art of literature to the comment on the facts collected.

The issue was very different a generation ago. Nearly all the great leaders of English scientific history—Seeley, Creighton, Gardiner, Freeman—were literary men as well as scientists; they took great and successful pains to present the results of their researches in an artistic form, for the instruction and pleasure of mankind. Lord Acton's

strong view that history was a study in ethics, his continually and passionately uttered moral judgments of men and parties, his expressed admiration for great literary historians now under the ban, his own wonderfully dramatic and epigrammatic style of narrative, were decidedly not the property of a mere scientist. And if so brilliant an essayist as Seeley, in his theoretical definitions of history, pleaded for its scientific as against its literary functions, it was in order to win for the science a recognition yet more complete than it then enjoyed.

But that place has now been won. Undisputed occupation is beginning to breed intolerance, and the attempt is being made to oust literature from all part in the study and in the writing of history.

Of course, in a sense, there is toleration. Thought and speech are free. Our historians are not squabbling pedants, but English gentlemen endowed with a sense of humor. But the steady pressure of the reiterated precept to students that their study is a science, and the silent neglect or inculcated contempt of the great literary historjers, have effectually diminished the supply of literary historians, in proportion as the numbers, importance, and endowment of the history schools have increased. These schools supply a training in some respects indispensable. But just in so far as they are exploited to uphold a single theory, they are liable to exert on the individual the stunting influence of seminaries. It may be thought that no serious harm has yet resulted; but it is certain that harm will result in the coming generation, unless some reaction sets in against the exclusively scientific theory of the functions of history. For the crusade against artistic and emotional treatment of the whole past of mankind, is still being preached with an ardor which, unless it be opposed, may

result in fresh conquests, and in the complete annihilation of the few remaining infidels.

Why should so great a branch of human achievement as literary history, in which alone could expand the genius of Thucydides and Tacitus, Mommsen and Renan, Gibbon, Macaulay, and Carlyle; which, in the countless ages to come, more numerous and perhaps yet greater men will carry to heights now undreamed of, if the tradition of it is not extinguished in our generation; why should the art-science from which mankind has drawn such inestimable benefits be suddenly brought to an end, because certain people have the honorable ambition to write purely scientific history? Surely there is room for both. The writings of the purely scientific historians would exercise, not less, but more influence on thought, if the histories of some artist and thinker, making grateful use, as he must and would, of their scientific researches, appeared as the result and complement of their work.

But the cause of an exclusiveness so needless and so self-destructive is to be found in the fascinating influence exerted by the analogy of physical science. The triumph of its schools is the greatest fact of the last hundred years of human history. The scientists have changed the face of the world, the fabric of society, the method and character of thought. They have created, and they still preside over, revolutionary powers more stupendous than any which men of learning have before wielded, even in the days of Luther or of Voltaire. Such an unwonted domination of the University over the world, of the student over the statesman and the producer of wealth, soon captivated the imagination of academicians in other branches of thought. "Let us adopt," they said, "the methods of these natural scientists, and our subject too shall become great." The

argument was not wholly unsound. There was then much that could be usefully adopted from the domain of physical science. But it is possible to carry imitation too far. It does not follow, because, in the study of Nature, purely scientific methods have proved the long-sought key to the door of true knowledge, that therefore the same result will be obtained by the rejection of all other methods in the history of the minds, emotions, institutions, and actions of Man. The subject matter for examination is very different, and the use and value of the discovery when made are different also.

So it comes about, that scientific historians attach an imaginary utility to the sum of historical knowledge, on a false analogy drawn from the real utility of the sum of scientific knowledge. Add your pebble of fact to the scientific heap, and it may help to cure disease; to water great towns from springs on distant mountains; to transfer to the other side of the globe thought with the speed of lightning, and the food of nations with the speed of Hermes winged across the Ægean. The sum of scientific knowledge has increased the numbers, and altered the whole economic and social condition, of mankind. But for what does the sum of historical knowledge serve? For nothing, so long as it is confined to specialists, except as an education to the specialists themselves. They cannot apply it, by known rules, to practical purposes. It cannot turn mills or cure diseases. It begins to be of general use only when it has been presented as common property to the general understanding of mankind, by the high and difficult art of literature.

For the utility of historical knowledge is to educate the mind. It can fulfil this, the highest of all functions, if its results are spread broadcast among men through the medium of the literary art; and if its facts re-

ceive their due comment from thought and imagination. Provided that there are now, or will be some day, people to carry out these two conditions, the researcher is well employed; but otherwise the fruits of his work are inaccessible to the outside world, and of no great value even to himself.

In what sense then is history a science? If all high intellectual effort which is not artistic is to be called scientific, then history must be in part a science, for one part of its appliances are not those of art. Method and argument are the essential qualities necessary for the collection, collation, and valuation of historical evidence. So far history is a science.

But this method ends when the task of weighing the evidence for the facts is complete. History is not a science in the sense that it can establish causal laws of general application. All attempts have failed to discover causal laws which are certain to repeat themselves in the institutions and affairs of men. The law of gravitation may be scientifically proved. But the historical law that starvation brings on revolution is not proved; indeed the opposite statement, that starvation brings on abject slavery, is equally true in the light of past events.

Not only can no causal laws of universal application be discovered in so complex and various a subject, but the interpretation of the cause and effect of any one particular event cannot rightly be called scientific. The collection of facts, the weighing of evidence as to what events happened, are in some sense scientific; but not so the discovery of the causes and effects of those events. In dealing even with an affair of which the facts are so comparatively well known as those of the French Revolution, it is impossible accurately to examine the psychology of twenty-five million different persons, of whom—except a few hundreds

or thousands—the lives and motives are buried in the black night of the utterly forgotten. No one therefore can ever give a complete or wholly true account of the causes of the French Revolution. But several imperfect readings of history are better than none at all; and he will give the best interpretation who, having discovered and weighed all the important evidence obtainable, has the largest grasp of intellect, the warmest human sympathy, the highest imaginative powers. Carlyle, at least in his greatest work, fulfilled the last two conditions, and therefore his psychology of the mob in the days of mob rule, his flame-picture of what was in very fact a conflagration, is in one sense more true than the cold analysis of the same events by scientific historians who, with slightly more knowledge of facts, have far less knowledge of Man.

You can dissect the body of a man, and argue thence the general structure of the bodies of other men. But you cannot dissect a mind; and if you could, you could not argue thence about other minds. You can know nothing scientifically of the twenty million minds of a nation. Therefore, in the most important part of its business, history is not a scientific deduction, but an imaginative calculation of the most probable generalities.

History is only in part a matter of "fact." Collect the "facts" of the French Revolution! You must go down to Hell and up to Heaven to fetch them. The pride of the physical scientist is attacked, and often justly. But what is his pride compared with the pride of the historian who thinks that his collection of "facts" will suffice for a scientific study of cause and effect in human affairs? "The economist," says Professor Marshall,² "needs imagination above all to put him on

² "Economic Teaching at the Universities in Relation to Public Well-Being"

the track of those causes of events which are remote or lie below the surface." Imagination is yet more necessary for the historian, if he wishes to discover the causes of man's action, not merely as a bread-winning individual, but in all his myriad capacities of passion and of thought. The man who is himself devoid of emotion or enthusiasm can seldom credit, and can never understand, the emotions of others, which have none the less been a principal part in cause and effect. It was no scientific historian, but the author of *Sartor Resartus*, who found out that Cromwell was not a hypocrite. Carlyle did not arrive at this result by a strict deductive process, but it was none the less true, and, unlike many historical discoveries, it was of the greatest value.

I have argued that history is not a branch of science; but that it requires, in examining the evidence for facts, the services of scientific method. So, too, when Professor Bury says: "I may remind you that history is not a branch of literature," I think that he should have added: "but it requires the services of the literary art." The historical scholar, in order to influence his public, may either do his own literary work, or may leave it to others to use the results of his research. But some artistic medium he must have, before his labors can produce their educative effect.

Here, perhaps, some more moderate champion of the scientific view will reply: "We do not at all object to our histories being written well, provided that the writing of them be not regarded as any part of the training, qualification, or merit of the historian. Let style and composition come if they will." But to speak thus is to overlook the fact that style is not as easily acquired as shorthand, and that the marshalling of narrative and argu-

ment is one of the most difficult of all the arts. Literature never helps any man at his task until, to obtain her services, he is willing to spend and to be spent. Science will find that, if art is not to be the wife, she will not consent to be the mistress. If scientific historians not only refuse to study style and composition themselves, but discourage other historians from attempting that long and difficult task, the fruits of their scholarship will have been stored in vain. The readers of books will pass by, ignorant of the hidden treasure, till, after long centuries of tollsome and useless accumulation, the unwieldy and neglected mass at length perishes, like the unopened books of the Sibyl.

In France we find a more successful attempt to solve these difficulties. The French *savant*, if not born a prose writer, is at least bred to become one. At an age when our boys are winning or losing the Empire in the playing-fields, the French student is mastering the language of his country. Consequently, when he arrives at manhood, he already writes well almost by habit. The recent union effected in France, of German methods of research with native composition and style, has produced a French historical school that performs a truly educative function, and turns out yearly a supply of books at once scholarly and delightful. Of course any attempt to assimilate English history to the uniform French pattern would be as foolish as the present attempt to assimilate it to the German. Let our individuality range. All our scholars cannot be expected to write with smooth cadence and lucid sequence of idea. But many, if they held it their duty to labor at writing well, would soon rival French stylists; and not seldom some master of our language might arise, who would surpass them far.

All students, who may some day write

history, and in any case will be the judges and critics of what is written, should be encouraged to a critical study of the past masters of historical literature. The present system of organized historical teaching makes in the other direction. I asked an intelligent history freshman, coming up well crammed from his public school, to tell me who was his favorite historian. He named a much respected living writer of text-books. In the liberal air of the University his taste was soon improved; but the incident illustrates the tendency of modern history teaching to fasten on the bare knowledge of facts, and to neglect those works which have done most to instruct, enlarge, and cultivate the human mind. The Oxford and Cambridge history schools are still a liberal education, not in science only but in "the arts" also. But if ever the ultra-scientific view succeeds in its campaign of exclusion in the homes of letters and culture, and completely captures the training-ground of historians, the writing of readable history books may become a thing altogether of the past.

History would not repay the devotion of so many lives, if it were nothing more than an examination of cause and effect. For the conditions are too complex and too spiritual for such an inquiry to be more than an imaginative calculation of the most probable generalities. And, furthermore, cause and effect, even if they could indeed be discovered with accuracy, are not the most interesting part of human affairs. It is not man's evolution but his attainment that is the highest theme of history proper, the record of

man, for aye removed
From the developed brute; a god
though in the germ.

The events themselves are more interesting than their causes, and are fortunately more easily ascertained.

Scientific treatment of the evidence can establish at least the high probability that certain events occurred, that certain remarkable men did this or said that. The knowledge of such events, whenever they are properly treated by the intellect and the imagination, is of higher value than a knowledge of their causes. The feelings, speculations, and actions of the republican soldiers who executed Charles I, are more truly significant than the results of their action. Through the long succeeding centuries their deed had its effect; but what that effect was we know not, and may care the less, because their ultimate success or failure was in part determined by undistinguishing chance, a deity regardless of the purpose or motive of the men whom it raises or destroys, of the nobility or the baseness of the ideals which it favors or condemns. So too it is more valuable to feel how Charles behaved with supreme human dignity, than vainly to speculate how much or how little the majesty of his death-scene brought about the revival of King-worship in England. It is the tale of the thing done, even more than its causes and effects, which trains the political judgment, by widening the range of sympathy and deepening the approval and disapproval of conscience; that stimulates by example youth to aspire and age to endure; that enables us by the light of what men once have been, to see the thing we are, and dimly to descry the form of what we should be; that gives rest to the troubled and brightness to the dulled mind, by the contemplation of the many-colored and living past. "Is not Man's history and Men's history a perpetual evangel?" Cause and effect are but the vessel, tossed on the weltering ocean of chance. The precious cargo is the deed itself.

What then are the objects of history?

What, that is to say, are the various ways in which it may educate the mind and character?

The first, or at least the most generally acknowledged object, is to train the mind of the citizen into a state in which he is capable of taking a just view of political problems. But, even in this capacity, history cannot prophesy the future; it cannot supply a set of invariably applicable laws for the guidance of politicians; it cannot show, by the deductions of historical analogy, which side is in the right in any quarrel of our own day. It can do a thing less, and yet greater than all these. It can mould the mind itself into the capability of understanding great affairs and sympathizing with other men. The information given by history is valueless in itself, unless it produce a new state of mind. The value of Mr. Lecky's Irish history did not consist in the fact that he recorded in a book the details of numerous massacres and murders, but that he produced the sense of shame, and caused a better understanding among us all of how the sins of the fathers are often visited upon the children, unto the third and fourth generations of them that hate each other.

For it is in this political function of history that the study of cause and effect is of some real use. Though such a study can be neither scientific nor exact, common sense sometimes points confidently to an obvious causal connection. Thus it was supposed, even before the invention of scientific history, that Alva's policy was in some causal connection with the revolt of the Netherlands, and the September Massacres with the spread of reaction. Such suggestions of cause and effect in the past help to teach political wisdom. When a man of the world reads history, he is called on to form a judgment on a social or political problem, without previous bias, and with some

knowledge of the final protracted result of what was done. The exercise of his mind under such unwonted conditions, sends him back to the still unsettled problems of modern politics and society, with larger views, clearer head, and better temper. The study of past controversies, of which the final outcome is partially known, destroys the spirit of prejudice. It brings home to the mind the evils that are likely to spring from blind policy, based on want of understanding of the other side. When a man has studied the history of the Democrats and Aristocrats of Corcyra, of the English and Irish, of the Jacobins and anti-Jacobins, his political views may remain nominally the same, but his way of thinking about politics will have undergone change; for he will know the abuses of partisanship, though he may adhere to a party as closely as before.

Yet, even in the sphere of political wisdom, the study of cause and effect is by no means the only, and perhaps not the principal means, of broadening the mind. History does most to cure a man of political prejudice, when it enables him to see points of view which he never saw before, and to respect ideals which he had formerly despised. Liberalism or Toryism, High Church or Low, may in actual life be presented to him in persons and forms odious to him by long association. Dress them up as Milton or Jeremy Collier, Johnson or Charles Fox, and they may appeal successfully to his reason and to his heart. Gardiner's *History of the Civil War* has done much to explain Englishmen to each other, by revealing the rich variety of our national life, so far nobler than the unity of similitude. A thousand forms of good and evil, a thousand considerations of policy and wisdom, are acceptable, when presented by the historian, to minds which would reject them as brutal exaggerations or Jesu-

itical refinements, if they came from the political opponent or the professed sage.

But the removal of prejudice by the double process of exposing the evil consequences of violence and creating sympathy for ideals that previously gave offence, is not the only way in which history can train the mind to good citizenship. It should not only remove prejudice, it should breed enthusiasm. The difficulties of the world are much increased by the fact that it is only the extremists whose feelings are passionate. It is a natural but most pernicious error to suppose that moderate views must be held moderately. The fault of much historical writing is, that it inculcates moderation only by paring down all hope, indignation, and love, to the dead level of a pseudo-scientific analysis, thus often leading to the false conclusion that everybody was equally right or equally wrong. So far from training the mind of the good citizen, the tone of artificial indifference to right and wrong, wisdom and folly, which some modern histories assume, saps mental and moral energy, and increases that dangerous spirit of neutrality and fatalism, which accompanies the greater breadth and tolerance of thought in modern England. Those historians alone reveal the true nature of human affairs, who, while preserving an impartial judgment, emphasize the real nature of what was done foolishly and wrongly, or wisely and well, and show the chart of history, not dull gray, but a patchwork of pieces black and white in various gradation. They alone teach the true political wisdom, since, while refusing to argue from any one case in the past to any one case in the present, they yet enable us to draw unconsciously, from the tale of events gone by, just principles and noble emotions, without which the mind of the politician is a blank sheet, whereon

the opportunist and the sciolist can write what quackery they will.

History does not teach political wisdom alone. To many it is the source of ideas that direct and inspire their lives. With the exception of the few creative and poetic minds, we find men too weak to fly by their own unaided imagination beyond the circle of ideas that govern the world in which they are placed; they either fall a prey to apathy, convention, and despair, or else adopt with premature fervor the insufficient ideals of the present day. Fortunately, the student of the past knows where to look for the ancient springs of thought and feeling.

History keeps alive the spirit of rest and beauty, so alien from the spirit of our age. Our industrial civilization has been half redeemed from the uniformity of its outward appearance, at once so vast and squalid, by new knowledge and repentant love of that past upon which it has laid such violent hands, and which, externally at least, it has not mended but marred. The man who carries some history in his heart, has a constant resource against the worry of *ennui*, and an ever-present antidote to visions of ugliness; beautiful places have for him not only æsthetic beauty, but the beauty of association also. The garden front of St. John's, Oxford, is beautiful to every one; but, for the lover of history, its outward charm is blent with the intimate feelings of his own mind, with images of that same College as it was during the last siege of Oxford at the end of the Great Civil War. Then, too, it was an oasis of peace, but with a ring of death and fate drawn round its sacred walls. Given over to the sad use of a Court whose days of royalty were numbered, its walks and quadrangles were filled, as the end came near, with men and women learning to accept sorrow as their lot through life, ambitious men abandon-

ing hope of power, wealthy men hardening themselves to embrace poverty, those who had most joy in life preparing to accept death, and lovers to be parted for ever. Imagination sees them strolling through the garden, as the hopeless evenings fall, listening while the distant siege-guns break the silence with ominous iteration. Behind those cannon on the low hills to northward are ranked the inexorable men who come to lay their hands on all this beauty, hoping to change it to strength and sterner virtue. And the curse of the victors shall be, not to die, but to live, and almost to lose their awful faith in God, when they see the Restoration, not of the old gaiety that was too gay for them, nor of the old loyalty that was too loyal for them, but of corruption and selfishness that have neither country nor king. The very silence of the garden seems unalterable fate, brooding remorsefully over besiegers and besieged, so stern to destroy each other and permit only the vile to survive. To the reader of history, St. John's College is not mere stone and mortar, tastefully compiled, but an appropriate and mournful witness between those who see it and those by whom it once was seen. And so it is with every ruined castle and ancient church throughout the wide mysterious lands of Europe. Although these sentimental and picturesque imaginings may seem to some to have no very high value, yet not only do they give the mind occupation and rest when these are wanted, but, in cases where the sentiment is good, they cultivate true feelings about human life, its relation to time and circumstance, and to those higher things that are above circumstance and time.

Another undeniable power of history is to present to us antique ideals of life, often so attractive to men's minds that they mould their own thought and conduct upon them, and even join in

associations to propagate the old-new idea and to recast society again in the ancient mould; as when, in our own day, they attempt to revive the mediæval ideas of religious society, or to rise to the Greek standard of individual life. But outside the circle of these larger influences, history supplies us each with private ideals, only too varied and too numerous for complete realization. One may aspire to the best peculiar characteristics of a man of Athens or a citizen of Rome; a Churchman of the twelfth century, or a Reformer of the sixteenth; a Cavalier of the old school, or a Puritan of the Independent party; a Radical of the time of Castlereagh, or a public servant of the time of Palmerston. Still more are individual great men the model and inspiration of the smaller. It is difficult to appropriate the essential qualities of these old people under new conditions; but whatever we study with strong loving conception, and admire as a thing good in itself and not merely good for its purpose or its age, we do in some measure absorb.

This presentation of ideals from other ages is perhaps the most important among the educative functions of history; and it has nothing whatever to do with the study of cause and effect. For this purpose, even more than for the purpose of teaching political wisdom, it is requisite that the events should be both written and read with intellectual passion. Truth itself will be the gainer, for those by whom history was enacted were in their day passionate. Even the diplomatists were alive, although they had trained themselves to wear the mask of courteous apathy like a skin. Mr. William Pitt, the coldest of all the great, who lived, as Coleridge said, on words alone, nevertheless took ill and died after Austerlitz. If men were only the automatic pawns in a game, that game would not be

worthy of record. Even your lesson of political wisdom is worth nothing, unless it include the psychology of masses and of individuals; while the more personal and ethical teachings of history are wholly dependent on the study of men for their own sakes.

If, then, it be true, that one of the objects of history is to convey over to the present its heritage in the ideals of the past, to train character and stimulate effort by the tale of old heroism in its failure and its success, it follows, not only that history must be finely written, but that some periods are of greater importance than others. Though much could be learnt from a real knowledge of any past time, and yet more from a general view of the succession of the ages, it is still true that an epoch in which some portion of mankind, whether by a few men of genius or by common impulse, achieved new and wonderful things, is more important than one in which custom was unchanged and achievement barbarous. Or, even if it be held that all ages are equal in the value of their real content, still we can learn more from those of which a complete and life-like record has been preserved. And the same is true of the history of different lands. If Italy in the fifteenth and nineteenth centuries is more interesting than Italy in the seventeenth and eighteenth, Switzerland is more worthy of our study than Tyrol, England than Argentina. Age can excel age, race excel race in importance, on the same principle, if not to the same degree, as man can excel man; and there are few who would deny that (*ceteris paribus*) a biography of Napoleon would be more important than a biography of one of the many generals whom he defeated, or of the potentates whom he deposed. When the study of history was deepened and enlarged in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, men specialized first

on what seemed to them the most instructive portions, those ages in which civilization was at its highest, and of which personal and intimate record had come down from Athens and Rome, from Paris and London. Now that the work of those pioneers is done, we have ample leisure and machinery to work the hidden treasures of all other periods and places. But we need not therefore, in the prospectus of mines of the lower grade, deny that the vein of gold is richest in those that were opened first.

Besides teaching the lessons of political wisdom and spreading the knowledge of past ideals and of great men, history has a third function: to cause us in moments of diviner solitude to feel the Poetry of Time. These epochs we boast of, how they follow hard upon each other, like insects that are born and perish in an instant! Whence and by what law come these tiny colored landmarks on the white boundless plains of Eternity? Whatever be the true thought that the mystery of Time ought to awaken in our souls; whether humility for our petty and perishable present, set in the vast succession of things past and things to come; or pride that our planet has been partly freed from the vast Siberian despotism of matter, and that we have rescued a few myriad years from the dumb, blind æons that have passed here and will pass again—whatever be the true reading of the riddle, the nobleness of thought that comes to all who look steadfastly into the eyes of the Sphinx, will be our heritage only if we read such histories as can, by a human and vital presentation of events, lead us to feel that the past was once real as the present, and uncertain as the future. When we have learnt, not from science alone but by imagination also, how to see with the mind's eye, then only can we contemplate the

past where it stands as chance and valor carved it long ago; motionless for ever in the pure light of Eternity, though once so hot and living; beautiful now with all the colors of tragedy, though foul and comic enough once to many of those who wrought it; ever receding back and back, through "the long-drawn funeral aisle and night of time," till, in the far vaults, our vision is broken by chequered darkness, and then closed by utter night; while the endless past that lies beyond our ken is already irretrievably forgotten, as deeply as we ourselves shall be forgotten, throughout the ages that no thought can count.

In the Temple of Science are two courts. In the outer Court of the Gnomes the industrious millions pass to and fro, coming to fetch the tools that subdue matter to their use; here metal is forged, and the demons of vapor and of air waft irresistible strength. In the inner Court of the Wise sit Newton and Darwin, and the birth of each sequent form of life is pictured in the ordered galleries of science. But the Temple of History is dedicated to a different worship, where past and present meet in a mystic communion. The industrious masses can here find no tools, and if here also the genesis and development of things are exhibited, it is an imperfect, broken sequence, crossed and recrossed; because mind is more complex than matter, and because emotion cannot be catalogued. This temple also is built upon the rock foundations of science and of fact; but beneath its magic dome the texts of wisdom that glimmer on the shadowy walls are unproven and hard to read, for they hint at the infinite, undiscov-

² It would not be right, in dissenting from several of Professor Bury's opinions, to omit mention of the passage in his Inaugural Lecture (pp. 25-30), where he tells us in just and noble language how history should be regarded "*sub specie perennitatis*." And yet Carlyle is the only historian who, in his or-

ered laws of the spiritual world. On frieze and floor glow colored shapes of terror and of beauty; but their form and hue are different to each new spectator, and the pageant of history fades and shines according as he who looks has power to see.

Sometimes the wanderer in these mazy corridors seems so deeply swallowed up from the outer world, that the present no longer surrounds him at all. Visions of the dead float across doorways and disappear, leaving behind wonder, and desire of knowledge lost and of communion unattainable. Tones of prophets, to whom men did not listen, are heard thin and insistent through the vast spaces of time. Now near and lifelike, hot of blood, swarms the living host of the dead; or some single figure floats apart from the rest into closer fellowship, to tell the secret of courage and of sacrifice. They are gone, they are with us again, now far, now near, like birds under the cliff, these fleeting shapes; till at moments the Poetry of Time is revealed, and the wanderer feels himself also to be a fleeting shape, passing from death to death—Man the ridiculous, the diabolic, the tender, the fearless, the divine.³

I have now mentioned what appear to me to be the three principal objects of history: to teach political wisdom; to restore our heritage in the ideals of the past and the lives of the noble dead; and to make us feel the Poetry of Time. Other functions that it now fulfils could perhaps be named, and yet more may be evolved as the centuries go on, unless the ultra-scientific movement cuts short all healthy growth. It is in ordinary historical works, continually awakens the poetical sense of time and eternity. This is the main reason why, in spite of so many absurdities and inaccuracies, he is, merely as an historian, on a level with Ranke, Mommsen, Gibbon, or any of the sacred band.

is impossible to give a single definition of history, or to state in a few phrases all the uses to which mankind could turn the story of its past. "The study of cause and effect in human affairs" does not cover half the ground, and does not indicate what the use of the enquiry is to be. Another definition, also inadequate, but enclosing a larger and more important field, could be made by altering a word in Ruskin's definition of Poetry. History is "the suggestion, by the narration of fact, of noble grounds for noble emotions."⁴ This at least is certain, that to strike out the emotional element from the study of history, is to falsify the past, and to disinherit the present and future.

Professor Bury is scarcely practical when he suggests that the speculative and artistic treatment of the past can be left to philosophers and novelists.⁵ Thackeray has written *Esmond*, and Hegel *The Philosophy of History*; but that is not all we need to know about the reign of Anne, and the procession of the ages. The place of literary history cannot be filled by fiction, for truth is a prime condition of its value; or by metaphysics, for its very essence is that it should be narrative. If, on the other hand, the philosopher and novelist leave their own work to write history proper, they should be made most welcome, for they are at least as likely to succeed as the mere scientist. But they must not expect success as certain, unless they have, combined with art and science, a living insight into the affairs of men long dead, which we call the historical instinct. History can seldom rival the achievements of pure science or pure art in their own lines; but its peculiar merit is to unite several qualities not found

together in other branches of letters. If then we deliberately narrow the range of history to science alone, we degrade it from its peerage, to a place of real inferiority.

History is still young. In a few thousand years it may have developed into a study and art, embracing a thousand schools of thought, feeling, and opinion, as multiform as the human mind. But the present is a period of extreme danger to its natural growth. For in our age, when the emotional and spiritual qualities of the race are everywhere yielding before scientific method and materialistic commercialism, it will be an added danger to the course of civilization, if we allow the common ground of history to be enclosed as the preserve of science.

If history has hitherto been written as an art-science by the greatest historians, the burden of proof lies with those who would stop that process in this particular generation. Professor Bury seems to me to have adduced no reasons at all for such a measure. What he has done, is to give a very legitimate defence of the *raison d'être* of the pure scientist.

"The gathering of materials," he writes, "bearing upon minute local events, the collation of MSS. and the registry of their small variations, the patient drudgery in archives of states and municipalities, all the microscopic research that is carried on by armies of tolling students—it may seem like the bearing of mortar and bricks to the site of a building which has hardly been begun, of whose plan the laborers know but little. This work, the hewing of wood and the drawing of water, has to be done in faith—in the faith that a complete assemblage of the smallest facts of human history will tell in the end. The labor is per-

⁴ "Modern Painters," III., Chap. I., p. 11. Poetry is "the suggestion by the imagination of noble grounds for noble emotions."

⁵ "Though she (history) may supply material

for literary art or philosophical speculation, she is herself simply a science, no less and on more" (p. 42).

formed for posterity—for remote posterity, and when, with intelligible scepticism, someone asks the use of the accumulation of statistics, the publication of trivial records, the labor expended on minute criticism, the true answer is: "That is not so much our business as the business of future generations. We are heaping up material and arranging it, according to the best methods we know; if we draw what conclusions we can for the satisfaction of our own generation, we never forget that our work is to be used by future ages. It is intended for those who follow us rather than for ourselves, and much less for our grandchildren than for generations very remote."

This would be a sound defence of the scientific historian, if only he would allow the literary historian the right to work by his side, and to build in our

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own generation temporary shelters for our own age. While we labor for posterity, we ourselves perish unroofed, exposed to the chill winds of pedantry and the blustering storms of ignorance. The accumulation of material for the builders of the year 5000 is a noble and a wise project—if only in the meanwhile the art of architecture be not lost. But the traditions of that art are put under the ban as an offence to the men who are baking the bricks and wheeling the barrows. So, when remote posterity comes to view the shapeless pile collected for its benefit, men will not know what purpose it was intended to serve; for they will have forgotten that once there was a design to build there—with a lordly house, in which the mind of man should dwell.

G. M. Trevelyan.

STUDIES IN LITERARY PSYCHOLOGY: THE RHETORIC OF LANDOR.

I am the better pleased to have chosen Landor as the object of my random analysis, that he has been studied, as the type of the classical prose writer, by so considerable a critic as Mr. Sidney Colvin. This accidental fact will allow us, therefore, to examine in what manner even the most purely "artistic" writing is determined by the underlying temper of the man; indeed, to what extent this same so-called artistic quality is in reality the result of very human qualities or defects.

Here is what Mr. Colvin tells us about the fundamental difference between what he calls classic and romantic methods in literature:—

The romantic manner, the manner of Shakespeare, and Coleridge, and Keats,

with its thrilling uncertainties and its rich suggestions, may be more attractive than the classic manner, with its composed and measured preciseness of statement. Nay, we may go further, and say that it is in the romantic manner that the highest pitch of poetry has assuredly been reached; in the perfect and felicitous specimens of that manner English poetry has given us something more poetical even than Greece or Rome ever gave us. But, on the other hand, the romantic manner lends itself, as the true classical does not, to inferior work. Second-rate conceptions excitedly and approximately put into words derive from it an illusive attraction which may make them for a time, and with all but the coolest judges, pass as first-rate. Whereas about true classical writing there can be no illusion. *It presents to us conceptions calmly realized in words that exactly define them, conceptions depending*

for their attraction not on their halo, but on themselves.

I have underlined the last sentence of this passage, because it defines the nature of what Mr. Colvin, arbitrarily, but quite justifiably (since such words have never acquired more than a fancy value), calls by the name of classic or romantic. Now, my examination of Landor, and of my own feelings towards Landor, and of such items of literary psychology as I have been able to scrape together, seems rather to prove that these so-called classical ways of proceeding are more imposing than efficient, that they are compatible with what is little better than verbiage, and that—one asserts it with awe—in Landor's own work they are indicative not of his really great talent, but of his melancholy limitations of soul, and therefore lapses of sense.

The preference expressed for the classical manner appears to depend in great measure upon Mr. Colvin's notion that poetry (or prose in its artistic freedom) deals with *conceptions*, and that the words which best define such conceptions (and the more calmly defined apparently the better) allow us to realize most effectually whatever attraction these conceptions may have. There seems to be some underlying notion that the aim of literature is to tackle, so far as possible, the famous Kantian "thing in itself," stripping it of such purely phenomenal wrappers and disguises as its effects upon us. The "halo" is evidently the value, the meaning which things occasionally have owing to their relations with poor human souls. We have been referred to Shelley and Wordsworth for examples of such "halo"; and the first lines of the "Ode to the Nightingale" might have been quoted in order to show us what this halo is like. There is something austere attractive (if I may say so) in the renunciation of such

halos, and it is very dignified, no doubt, to make all things thus equally uninteresting. But the power of literature upon the soul depends, oddly enough, on the soul's recognition of the massive or subtle connections between itself and the things the writer is talking of. And, what is more curious still, there is in human nature such perverse hankering after relations between things, that when the writer, disdainful of halos, has stripped them into isolation, he seems to be obliged to weave a new set of relationships, and these relationships are occasionally . . . well, you shall judge. I have italicized them in this passage from one of Landor's finest dialogues, "Eugenius and Lippl":—

The clematis overtopped the lemon and orange trees; and the perennial pea sent forth here a pink blossom, here a purple, here a white one; and, after holding (as it were) a short conversation with the humbler plants, sprang up about an old cypress, played among its branches, and mitigated its gloom. White pigeons . . . examined me in every position their inquisitive eyes could take, etc.

First of all, there appears to be no essential difference between the sweet pea and the pigeon; yet the one, humanly speaking, stays in its place and the other walks about—walks about, moreover, according to Landor, with a power of shifting its eye such as ordinary pigeons rarely display. And, excepting this ocular restlessness, Landor's pigeon gets through very much less business than his sweet pea. The classical writer's refusal to tell us how the sweet pea affected Lippl, the stylist's horror of saying that the sweet pea merely *was*, has forced Landor, despite his singular sharpness of observation, into a number of amazing mis-statements, which I have underlined in my

quotation, and can briefly sum up by pointing out that he has turned so quiet, and one might fairly say, so passive a thing as a garden corner into a dramatic entertainment, enlivened by circus performances. Perhaps Lander was bored by gardens; one might think so, and merely regret he should have chosen to speak of them. But Mr. Colvin tells us that "In images of terror no (what) other writer has shown greater daring, or a firmer stroke." So I am acting fairly enough in taking the following passage, from Mr. Colvin's own hand, as an example of the striking results of the desire for clearness, for logical elaboration, for what people call "objectivity," distinguishing the classic manner.

Here is the passage:—

He extended his *withered* arms, he thrust forward the *gaunt links of his throat*, and upon *gnarled* knees, that smote each other audibly, tottered into the *civic* fire. It, like some hungry and strangest beast on the innermost wild of Africa, pierced, broken, prostrate, motionless [I interrupt to remind the reader that all this refers to a fire], *gazed at by its hunter in the impatience of glory, in the delight of awe*, panted once more and seized him.

Now, would you call all this story of lions and hunters on the one side, this anatomic plate of bony decrepitude on the other, a vivid image, a daring and firmly rendered, terrifying image of an old hero throwing himself into a burning town?

[The malignance of my heart causes me to rejoice secretly at Lander's having called it the *civic* fire.]

Look, again, at this other sample given by Mr. Colvin; this time in verse:—

I never pluck the rose; the violet's
head
Hath shaken with my breath upon its
bank,

And not reproached me; the ever-sacred
cup
Of the pure lily hath between my
hands
Felt safe, unsolled, nor lost one grain
of gold.

This passage might be called the carnival or dumb crambo of classicism, of the method which refuses all mere subjective halos, and makes for the "thing *per se*." The lily was not allowed, of course, to stir Lander's fancy like the flowers, unseen at the feet of Keats, in the "Ode to the Nightingale." It had to be considered for what it was! But, in order to be in legitimate relations to a verb, it was made to *feel safe*; similarly, the violet was induced to refrain from reproach; nay, not the whole of the violet, which might have seemed exaggerated, but only the violet's head; the rest of the violet being presumably busy clinging to the bank, upon which, rather than upon it, Lander appears to have breathed. The lily, moreover, was turned into a *sacred cup*, filled, not, as experience warrants, with *dust*, but with *grains of gold*. No one can imagine that these flowers are presented through Lander's feelings, or that he had any feelings to present them through. But is Lander's method more really *direct* than, say, that of Keats, and does it give us more of the flower, or more of the writer and his inkpot?

I want to run this matter to ground, because it will lead us, I think, to some important facts in the psychology and, I should almost call it, the ethics of writing. Here is a narrative ("Fate of a Young Poet") of a simpler sort, and in which Lander is presumably aiming at interesting the reader in his hero.

It is said that he bore a fondness for a young maiden in that place, formerly a village, now containing but two farm-houses. In my memory there were

still extant several dormitories. Some love-sick girl had recollected an ancient name, and had engraven on a stone with a garden nail, which lay in rust near it, Poore Rosamund. I entered these precincts and beheld a youth of manly form and countenance, washing and wiping a stone with a handful of wet grass; and on my going up to him, and asking what he had found, he showed it to me, etc.

What a struggle is here between reality and abstraction, and how utterly we fail to learn how to feel, what to think, fail to receive the great writer's word of command in this confusion!

Now this word of command, or, if you prefer, this magician's spell, making our soul follow with docility, see, hear, feel only what and in what manner the writer chooses, can be given, I believe, only on one condition: that the writer feels very distinctly the moods he wishes to impart, and sees in a given light and in a given sequence the things he wishes us to look-at. And this very, simple condition Landor by no means always fulfils; and when it is not fulfilled, nothing, not the clearest intelligence, the richest invention, the most faultless judgment, is a bit of good. All the powers of style are wasted if you do not care for what you are talking about.

And yet what powers of style are his! It is worth while to examine and meditate on the merest technicalities of Landor's writings. His structure of sentences, for instance, is both musically and grammatically a wonder. See how he breaks up long and repetitive movements with short abrupt ones; how he alternates nouns, verbs, adjectives, and even adjectives and particles at the end of members of sentences! Note also the skilful insertion of parenthetical passages. The lucidity of his phrases is perfect; you see, without ever having to look, along the

whole passage, however intricate, and your mind is stimulated to such gentle yet vigorous exercise by the beautiful and constantly varied cadence, never putting you to sleep by one sort of repetition, nor giving you a headache by another. Compare, in order to appreciate Landor, that perpetual stress on the end of the sentence, or sentence's member, which makes De Quincey's fine passages as harrowing often to the nerves as the successive discharging of cartloads of stones. These are the highest triumphs of literary craft, but then everything, or nearly everything, in Landor is sacrificed to their attainment. One might imagine that he sometimes thinks his sentences first as grammar and syntax (as a poet may think a lyric first as sound), and then fits in the items irrespective of their intellectual value.

He is full of mere mechanical dodges. Thus, the lucidity is often obtained by what I should call empty, transparent words: for instance:—

When he is present I have room for none (no reflections) *besides what I receive from him.*

The words italicized are idle, but they serve to *space* the sense. Or else the clearness is got by an antithetical arrangement in places where, very often, there is no real antithesis; thus:—

(Dashkoff) And when the one (the wife) has failed to pacify the sharp cries of babyhood, pettish and impatient as *sovranty* itself, the success of the other (*i. e.*, the husband) in calming it, etc.

Here the impression of union which was required by the subject is absolutely marred by this futile structural opposition, but the sentence becomes wonderfully clear. And this antithetical arrangement, this introduction of the opposite for the easier apprehen-

sion of what really concerns the reader, results in the peculiar kind of insipidity, of half-heartedness, which makes Landor poor reading despite his very great qualities: every impression is diverted by its own negation before it has had time to solidify. Landor does not allow us to feel, so anxious is he that we should define and determine. For instance:—

Could she (Sappho) be ignorant that shame and fear seize it (love) unrelentingly by the throat, while hard-hearted impudence stands at ease, prompt at opportunity and profuse in declaration.

In this passage lucidity is obtained by the distinction between *prompt* and *profuse*. But in the meantime poor Timid Love, who, after all, should have been the hero of the play, is forgotten!

All this is due, I think, to the fact that Landor did not really care for what he was writing about, but only for the fact of writing. It is proved by his metaphors being not expressive, but explanatory; he has not felt the matter in those, or indeed in any, particular terms, but cast about him for parallels for better apprehension. Thus, these metaphors are apt to be trite or slackly expressed, and they are (as we saw in the case of the old gentleman who flung himself into the burning town) very often carried on far beyond the needs of the subject. Whereas, on the contrary, had he felt the metaphor, he would have expressed it more vigorously than the rest, but he would have let it go as soon as it ceased to accord with his real vision and feeling. Let us look at one of his finest passages: and one of those in which the thought of death seems to have brought some genuine emotion—I mean Bosuet's speech to Mlle. de Fontanges:—

This in which we live is ours only while we live in it; the next moment may strike it off from us; the next pen-

tence I would utter may be broken and fall between us. The beauty that has made a thousand hearts to beat one instant, at the succeeding has been without pulse and color, without admirer, friend, companion, follower. She by whose eyes the march of victory shall have been directed, whose name shall have animated armies at the extremities of the earth, drops into one of its crevices and mingles with its dust.

How clear and stately, yet how wearisome! Why? simply and crassly because there is no feeling in it at all. Eloquence there is, and, in other parts of the dialogue, wit and humor in abundance. But it is all elaborately reasoned, planned out; and no man's reasoning and planning, however elaborate, can replace feeling. No writer is able to shift his critical ruler and foot measure quickly and subtly enough to adjust a whole effect, as does the mere sensitive eye—eye of body or of soul. See how even in this passage he leaves the essential behind in order to work out a mere detail—"animated armies at the extremities of the earth, drops into one of its crevices and mingles with its dust." Why, the earth has become the heroine of this passage, and the poor dying beauty is a mere adjunct to its extension, its battlefields and holes and dust. "So she is," Landor might answer. But not to her own feelings, nor to ours, nor to Landor's, if he had any!

Let us look at Landor's masterpiece, the dialogue of "Leofric and Godiva":—

The beverage of this feast, O Leofric, is sweeter than bee or flower or vine can give us: it flows from heaven, and in heaven will it abundantly be poured out again to him who pours it out here abundantly.

How complete is here the rhetorician's indifference! He is so little wrapped up in the dramatic situation,

that he wanders off after any pretty detail which trails across the path; he *must* be after the bee or the flower or the vine! But now he pulls himself together, having got to the tragic part of the business; we have come to the Famine, and, by all the gods of Pen and Ink, Lander will show us what a Famine is like!

Godiva speaks:—

There is dearth in the land, my sweet Leofric. Remember how many weeks of drought we have had, even in the deep pastures of Leicestershire; and how many Sundays we have heard the same prayers for rain, and supplications that it would please the Lord in His mercy to turn aside His anger from the poor, pining cattle. You, my dear husband, have imprisoned more than one malefactor for leaving his dead ox in the public way; and other hinds have fled before you out of the traces, in which they, and their sons and their daughters, and haply their old fathers and mothers, were dragging the abandoned wain homeward. Although we were accompanied by many brave spearmen and skilful archers, it was perilous to pass the creatures which the farmyard dogs driven from the hearth by the poverty of their masters, were tearing and devouring, while others, bitten and lamed, filled the air either with long and deep howls or sharp and quick barkings, as they struggled with hunger and feebleness, or were exasperated by heat and pain. Nor could the thyme from the heath, nor the bruised branches of the fir tree, extinguish or abate the foul odor, etc., etc.

The first and most superficial thing which strikes me in this sentence is the constant see-saw of alternatives; if you are not going to be impressed by the dead malefactor, then try the harnessed peasants; if the sons and daughters in harness aren't enough, take the fathers and mothers also. Again, if the dogs disturbed over the carcasses are not to your satisfaction, please note the unfed ones. Moreover,

you may fix your mind, or your choice, either on the sharp and quick barkings, or upon the long and deep howls; in the same manner you are left free to attribute the dogs' struggles either to (a) hunger and feebleness, or (b) heat and pain. After such a choice of evils it is not astonishing that you should require disinfection by two different disinfectants—viz., thyme and fir branches; nor need we wonder, after so many alternating possibilities, that the stench is neither extinguished nor abated.

In this examination a light seems to have dawned on me, a certainty far surpassing all considerations of Leofric and Godiva. I have watched Lander at work! Lander, even the mighty severe demi-god of classic prose, has appeared to me in the semblance of a boy provided, by heartless teachers, with a theme, and obliged to produce a given number of lines thereupon. Conscientiously, and with touching intellectual willingness, he has meditated, chin in hand, or hand in hair, upon the concatenated possibilities. The beginning of it all was a drought—that is to say, a scarcity of water (this suggests prayers for rain). The water supply being insufficient, there was no fodder—the cattle got none. Hence some died; hence carcasses on the roadside; hence the employment of human labor in lieu of cattle; the sons and daughters harnessed—nay, in certain cases, the elder members of the family—nay! happy thought! the oxen have died of exhaustion on the way, and the family drags the wain homeward, for of course, though carcasses are left by the roadside, carts may always come in handy, and are worth taking home. Then the poor people couldn't feed their dogs any longer, hence the dogs eat the carcasses, or else (for some dogs, though few, are confirmed vegetarians) died of hunger, and, as it was hot (for it is always hot when it is dry in England), occasionally also died of

heat; and the dogs, very likely, fell to fighting over the carcasses, and bit one another, or got lamed (perhaps by people throwing stones at them? Landon has forgotten this!). Such a state of things must have become positively dangerous, and there being danger, Leofric and Godiva required an escort, and being very great personages, had an escort of two kinds—namely, bowmen and spearmen, and the bowmen were skilful, for it is no easy matter to shoot with a bow, whereas the spearmen were only required to be brave, for it only requires presence of mind to run a spear into a dog. Meanwhile, of course, the unburied carcasses stank, including those of the dogs who have died for so many reasons; in consequence, thyme and fir branches were provided; and here, I am sorry to note an omission, for Landon has indeed told us that the thyme was got from the heath, but has left us without information concerning the place where the fir branches were procured. This oversight is probably due to the excitement of perceiving what a fine opportunity this was of showing the unkind fussiness of Leofric. He not only clapped into gaol every person guilty of having left a dead ox on the thoroughfare, but frightened (though we are not told how) the poor peasants (even to the extent of making them run away) whenever he met them dragging their cart themselves, no doubt because his pedantic sense of propriety was offended by this innocent proceeding. . . . Here, then, in the course of learning every possible detail about a drought, we have had our mind prepared for a heartless and martinet Leofric.

At the end of the dialogue is an autobiographical note by Landon:—

The story of Godiva, at one of whose festivals or fairs I was present in boyhood, has always interested me;

and I wrote a poem on it, I remember, by the *square foot* at Rugby. . . . May the peppermint be still growing on the bank in that place!

How oddly simple, and how oddly like real poetry this is! Why? Because Landon was remembering his own past, and, once in a way, felt genuine emotion.

I know nothing about Landon's private life, save that he lived a quarter of a mile from the house whence I am writing, and once threw his cook out of the window and made a *bon mot* some time, most likely, afterwards. And I have nothing to do with what Landon may have been capable, or not, of feeling under the stress of reality. But that he was an unfeeling wretch as soon as he dealt with pen and ink—his own or others'—I will prove to you through his own words.

After telling us that Dante's lines about Ugolino are "unequalled by any other continuous thirty in the whole dominion of poetry," he hands them over "to whoever can endure the sight of an old soldier gnawing at the scalp of an old archbishop." The bad taste of a man born, after all, in the 18th century? Perhaps. But he does not dismiss the episode of Francesca, though it were better if he had, for he has furnished us with the following commentary:—

Then when she hath said, "*La bocca mi baciò tutto tremante,*" she stops: she would avert the eyes of Dante from her: he looks for the sequel: she thinks he looks severely: she says "*Galeotto is the name of the book,*" fancying by this timorous little flight she has drawn him far enough from the nest of her *young loves*. No, the eagle beak of Dante and his peering eyes are yet over her. "*Galeotto is the name of the book.*" What matters that? "And of the writer?" Or that either? At last she disarms him: but how?—"That day we read no more."

Nest of her young loves! There is something almost obscene, like the proceedings of a madman, in the intrusion of such Dresden china imagery into that place dumb of all light, and moaning as the sea in tempest moans, into the presence of a passion erring, but undying, of a tale which Dante ends thus:—

Whereas one of these spirits spoke in this fashion, the other wept so that for pity I swooned, like unto dying; and I fell, even as a dead body falls.

I said that I did not require to know
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anything about Landor's private life. There is enough, and too much, revelation of Landor in this notion of a Dante severely catechising, of a Francesca all fright and blushes, and trying, vainly, to divert that sour prying pedant by talking of books and authors! And what unintended, perhaps unapprehended, self-revelations do authors sometimes consign to paper and print: "Galleotto," Francesca tells Dante, "was the name of the book, and the name also of the author"!

Vernon Lee.

THE AVATAR OF BISHWAS DASS.

I was seated one warm April afternoon in my office at Calcutta. The surroundings distinctly predisposed to slumber. The drowsy hum of the flies and insects, the whispered conversation outside the reed-hung door-curtains, and the lethargic swing of the punkah were soporific conditions which required something more exciting than a bill of lading or indent to counteract them. So the pen was slipping from my nerveless hand, and my head was beginning to droop, when I became dimly aware of an animated discussion with the belted menials known as chuprassies outside, followed by a vision in white standing before me on the other side of the table. It thus spoke with a voluble cackle, running all the words into each other, in a manner impossible to represent in print.

"Having been given to understand some places are vacant under your honor's kind control I beg to offer you my services for the same I am the poor man but belonging to the high family and I failed for the matriculation examination should I be so fortunate as

to secure the appointment I shall spare no pains to give your honor every satisfaction."

Here the voice paused for breath, which afforded me an opportunity of indulging in a dreamy consideration of the causes which lead a native of India invariably to regard the circumstance that he has *failed* for an examination as quite equivalent to, if not more effective than, the fact of his having passed it. Perhaps it is the vague expectation that the candidate's idea of his own intellectual fitness which induced him to compete will be taken into account by the dispensers of patronage. If so, it is a forlorn hope which is ever doomed to meet with rude disappointment. As I made no sign, the voice proceeded,—

"I have the honor to state that I am quite fit for any responsible post that your honor may bestow on me I have received first-class education in Mission School under Rev. Robinson and Rev. Leatham Sun of my soul Thou Saviour dear it is not night if Thou be near Rock of ages cleft for me let me hide myself in Thee."

Here the voice paused again, and this extraordinary peroration concluded with a click of satisfaction. I looked up to observe my interlocutor. He was a young Baboo, dressed in a spotless white garment, with a cap on his head somewhat like an artilleryman's cap with a gold band round it. But not worn jauntily like a gunner's head-dress: it was firmly and straightly fixed on the wearer's intellectual brow. He wore large gold-rimmed spectacles, more, as I guessed, and as I afterwards discovered to be the fact, to convey the idea of social status and erudition, than because his eyesight needed any assistance. His face, with his self-satisfied look and somewhat pouting lips, wore that curious expression, partly satirical, partly devotional, and partly licentious, which distinguishes many Hindoo gods, and at present he was gazing at me with a straining look of anxiety, and another series of hymns obviously ready to burst from his lips. I held up a warning hand to enjoin silence, and said, "Young man, in the first place, there is no vacancy in my office, you have been ill-informed; and in the next place, you certainly would not do. Your fatal fluency in quoting hymns would render you impossible as a clerk, and as a cashier you would probably recall by your venality and corruption the worst days of the Mogul Empire."

He seemed rather puzzled at this, and was not quite sure how to take it. He looked at me doubtfully, and moistened his lips with his tongue. He said, "Your honor can if necessary refer to Rev. Robinson and Rev. Leatham who shall inform your honor that I have failed for matriculation examination." He came back to this one strong point as if it was a qualification that no human ingenuity could disparage. "Also," he added rather irrelevantly, "Rev. Robinson and Rev. Leatham are very kind gentlemen and

will speak to my credit Abide with me fast falls the eventide the darkness deepens—" I interrupted him at this point. "Young man," I said, "this interview is now over. You have my permission to depart." He stood awhile in silence, evidently pondering whether one more hymn might not settle the matter. Seeing no response in my countenance, he suddenly, and with exceeding shrillness, said "Good marning sar," and took his departure. I had hardly settled to my slumbers again before another discussion was heard at the door, and I was aware that the vision in white was again before me. This time he said, if possible, with a slightly more impetuous cackle, "I have just been given to understand that there are some places vacant in the Customs department and that the Commissioner of Customs is a friend of your honor if your honor will give me a note I have no doubt by your kind assistance that I shall obtain an appointment and I shall ever pray for your honor's long life and prosperity."

I looked up. "Now, think a moment," I said, "Mr—?"

"Bishwas Dass," put in the Baboo with an insinuating smile. He thought I was relenting.

"Mr. Bishwas Dass, you seem to be a young man of great intelligence and superior education, and your acquaintance with British hymnology would do credit to any educational establishment."

His eyes gleamed behind his spectacles at this encomium; perhaps visions of a superior clerkship, if not a partnership, opened before his dazzled imagination. "Now, I ask you," I continued, "as a sensible and educated man, what sort of note can I give you to the Customs Commissioner, even if I were a friend of his, which I am not? All I could say was that I had seen you once, that you quoted hymns with

extraordinary facility, but that I knew absolutely nothing about you except that you had asked for a place in my office. Do you want a note of that description?"

"Such a chit," said Bishwas Dass, judicially, "would be of no avail."

"Precisely so," I said; "so I don't see what I can do."

Bishwas Dass pondered this over for some moments, and possibly finding no hymn exactly to suit the case, finally, with a shrill cackle, said again, "Good marning sar," and vanished once more.

I felt faintly interested in the young man, and fell to pondering on the extraordinary educational policy of the Government, which turns out thousands of youths only fit to be clerks, and only aspiring to a career of that description, and is of course quite unable to provide them with clerkships to suit them. If Bishwas Dass had been brought up as an honest bricklayer or carpenter he might have earned his living. As it was, I thought, he was doomed to perambulate the offices, with his gold cap and spectacles, ever on the same hopeless quest, until his white garments dropped from his back. However, these things were not so, but were otherwise, as the Greek chorus not unfrequently observes, and I little dreamed of the potentialities of the youth's career.

On my way through the bazaar one day I discovered my friend squatting before a low desk with small piles of coppers before him. The place of business appeared to be a trinket and pawn shop of a not particularly elevated description. He greeted me with a bland smile; but I observed that he was not quite as plump as before, and that his gold cap and spectacles had vanished, as I strongly suspected, into the hands of the pawn-broker himself.

He said, "I am now with your honor's kind favor confidential clerk to a

wealthy native banker and I have hopes of great advancement."

As far as I could see, at present his sole employment consisted in separating bad copper coins from the good ones, then deftly mixing them together in little heaps and passing them off on unsuspecting customers. This, however, may possibly have been Bishwas Dass's conception of the duties of a banker's confidential clerk.

"My pay," he went on to say in a triumphant whisper, "is four rupees a-month and with the favor of God next year it will be five rupees a-month."

5s. 4d. a-month, rising to 6s. 8d., hardly seemed to me wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. However, Bishwas Dass appeared to be quite satisfied, begged to be informed if he was on my list of candidates, and bade me farewell quite affably. I did not see him again for some weeks, and then, alas! it was a sad fall from even the position of a pawnbroker's tout at 5s. a-month. There is a certain dreary quarter in Calcutta where mansions daubed with hideous paint stand coyly concealed in gardens, to which unwary strangers are conveyed in carriages, and where drink and still more questionable amusements can be obtained at varying prices. My way took me one afternoon through this infernal region, and there, to quote the words of the historian of the fall of the philosopher Square, "with shame do I narrate it, and with sorrow will it be read," whom did I see outside a meretriciously colored house but Bishwas Dass himself. He was engaged in a shameful wrangle with a Ticca carriage-driver over the commission which had accrued to each from the conveyance thither of a couple of intoxicated sailors. The shrill voices of the disputants attracted me, and there was Bishwas Dass, no longer in spotless white and gold-rimmed spectacles, but a sorry sight, disreputable and

dirty, with a bare head and ragged wisps of hair depending from it. He saw me, and had the grace to hide his face, and I passed on apparently unseeing. Alas! poor Bishwas Dass; he had indeed come down, truly facile had been his descent to Avernus, and I wondered what worse fate could be his. But there was a lower deep still. One day I had to go to the police court to get a declaration made, and as the magistrate was engaged in trying a case, I waited a while and listened. It was a vulgar case of stealing in the Docks, and the prosecutrix narrated how she had gone to sleep with a small bag of rupees under her head, and how she was awakened by a slight movement, and saw the accused standing near; that she went to sleep again (being probably under the influence of liquor), and when she woke up her bag of rupees was gone. That she saw the accused buying some food at a stall and charged him with the theft, and that he denied it; but on being searched by a policeman, the bag was found on him and some of the rupees, which she could identify, as she had marked some. It was a simple case of a very stupidly managed theft, and the magistrate called on the accused for any remarks that he might have to make.

"Your honor's worship," he began, "I will relate the entire circumstances with strict veracity." The voice seemed familiar, and I looked up, and indeed it was none other than the unfortunate Bishwas Dass, looking even more disreputable than when I had seen him last, in dirty torn clothes and a wolfish look in his eyes, and the Hindoo god in his appearance developed into the mere beast of prey with elementary passions and desires. He spoke, however, not without a certain dignity, "This woman, your worship, is a depraved female of immoral proclivi-

ties" (he brought out this phrase with some satisfaction), "who abstracts valuables from intoxicated persons. I saw her deprive a sleeping sahib of his rupees and then she herself fell into perfect recumbency. So I resumed the rupees from under her head, having the good mind to restore the abstracted wealth to the rightful owner, but he was *non est*. As I had eaten no food for two days" (here there was a break in his voice that quite went to my heart); "and thinking that the rightful owner would at least give me reward for retribution of property, I took some money for food in anticipation of sanction. No sooner had I done so than this meretricious harridan" (these words he brought out with great gusto) "assaulted me with opprobrious gesture, and called on policeman and I was disgracefully treated by handcuffs. This is the veracious truth, and I have no help but God and your honor."

This ingenious defence, which, indeed, was no defence at all, was translated to the prosecutrix, who at once burst out into virulent Bengalee vernacular abuse. She declaimed against poor Bishwas Dass with all the terms in her very varied vocabulary, defamed the characters of his mother and sisters, and indeed of all his female relations, with the most scandalous and totally unfounded statements, and it was with considerable difficulty that the magistrate and police could reduce her to silence. "The prisoner practically admits his guilt," said the clerk, and the magistrate, without looking up, merely observed, "Two months' rigorous." Bishwas Dass cast a despairing look round the court and caught my eye. "Your honor," he said, "there is a gentleman present who—" but the policeman removed him downstairs before he could finish what he had to say. The last thing I saw was the clasping of

handcuffs and the unhappy Bishwas Dass forced down the stairs, vainly struggling in the grasp of two policemen. A dishevelled lock of black hair was the last thing to go, and Bishwas Dass vanished from the kindly light of the sun. I drove back rather sadly, thinking of the exceedingly rapid fall of this promising young Baboo, whom I could not help regarding as one more victim of the Government educational system. I had no doubt in my own mind that what he said in court was in a way the truth from his point of view, but it was hardly a defence to appeal to a hard-worked and hard-headed magistrate. I thought I would see if I could not rescue him when he came out of jail, but the days passed and the image of Bishwas Dass became fainter, and I blush to say that when the day came other matters had put poor Bishwas Dass out of my head altogether. I remembered it afterwards, but then it was too late, and Bishwas Dass passed completely out of my thoughts and life.

Some two years after this I had to visit the famous city of Oilville on business, and my affairs kept me there for some time. All the world has heard, or ought to have heard, of the city of Oilville, situated in what is known as the wild and woolly West of the United States of America. It is not an ancient city like Rome or Damascus, being, indeed, only fifty years old; but already its population, the height of its sky-scrapers, the sublimity of its elevators, the countless miles of its electric tramways, and the size of its depots are sufficient, as the late President of the Transvaal used to say, "to stagger humanity." All these facts, with great accuracy of detail, appeared in the "Oilville Exposition Manual," which had been translated into every language under heaven, and scattered

broadcast over the habitable globe. For Oilville had resolved, like some other great cities, to have what was called, with a fine disregard of classical nomenclature, a "Pan-Universal Exposition." It deserved one. Fifty years ago it was a prairie village with a dozen dwelling-houses, two saloon-bars, and an insurance office, a bank, and a church, and a total population of some hundred souls. It was then six months old. Since that time it had passed through the usual vicissitudes of a Western town. The oil turned out abundant, and a boom followed. At the height of the boom land six miles outside city limits had sold by the foot at about the same price land would sell in the city of London. When the "bottom tumbled out of the boom," to use the elegant Western expression, land in precisely the same locality could be purchased by the acre for a short drink. Oilville likewise had experienced a terrific fire, when the whole of the city vanished like a dream in smoke. However, the genius of the place survived all these little experiences; and at last the town became what is known as "solid," and had but few vestiges of its primitive condition. And now a building was to be erected, a monstrous building, with the hugest dome in the world; more brilliant electric lights were to gleam over more dazzling white stucco palaces than had ever been seen before; faster motors were to career about the grounds on smoother tracks; and more rapid machinery, piled up in apparently more hopeless confusion than had ever been seen before in the history of the world, was to din the ears of the unfortunate visitors. In fact, Oilville was going to make things "hum."

One of the principal and wealthiest citizens of Oilville was a lady, a certain Miss Krag—"Sarah B. Krag," as the papers familiarly called her, or

sometimes "Sarah" *tout court*. Her father, a German from Pennsylvania, had arrived at Oilville in the very earliest days of its existence. He had already made a modest fortune in the Eastern city by the lucrative profession of brewing. He then went West, discerned the future potentialities of Oilville, set up his homestead there, and devoted his great mind to the purchase of real estate and the brewing of lager beer. When the boom burst, the ruins thereof struck him, like Horace's hero, undismayed. He had sold his entire holding for some millions (on paper); but as the astute old Teuton had always bargained for some part of the price in cash and the rest on mortgage, he found himself at the end of the boom, as he expected, with all his land in his hands again, and with the modest sum of some hundred thousand dollars which he had extracted from the pockets of the baffled "boomsters." After that his career was simple and uneventful; and when at last "old man Krag," as he was affectionately termed, passed away full of years and dollars, he left his only daughter, Sarah, probably the richest prize in the matrimonial market west of the Mississippi. Then followed some wild delirious years, when every unmarried male inhabitant of the Western States aspired to lead Miss Krag to the altar. The newspapers, with their usual delicacy and tact, made frequent and jocular allusions to this circumstance. They avowed that it was impossible to fire off a revolver in the streets of Oilville without killing a man who had proposed to Miss Krag, that the postmaster had to put on an extra staff of officials to carry the bags of mail which contained amorous proposals daily to the door of the Krag homestead. But it was not unto matrimony that the gentle heart of Miss Krag did incline, and so, as the years rolled on

and Miss Krag still remained Miss Krag, and nothing came of these very numerous proposals, people changed their minds, like the inhabitants of Melita, and said she was a "crank." And so, indeed, poor Miss Krag was. Like Spluozza, this hard-featured, angular woman, now approaching the age of sixty, was a creature God-intoxicated, or rather, religion-intoxicated, and spent her time and money in painful search after the unknown God and the undiscoverable future. Unfortunately for herself, instead of silent meditation on these great problems, she conceived it more conducive to success to call in the experiences of others to help her; and some of her coadjutors in these momentous inquiries, who came to Oilville to hold high commune with her, struck the inhabitants of that city with respectful astonishment. To every variety of religious enthusiast,—Bible Christians, Christian Scientists, Mormons, Spiritualists, Shakers, and the like,—to all of them was Miss Krag at home. Then she went farther afield, and a weird assortment of Armenian priests, Thibetan lamas, African medicine-men, Mohammedan mullahs, and Buddhist monks arrived at Oilville in detachments, and amused and astonished the public. It is sad to have to state that most of these spiritual guides turned out to be of the earth, earthy. Every religious quack of dubious antecedents seemed to smell out Miss Krag as if by instinct. Some departed in peace and with pockets lined with dollars, but not a few left her hospitable mansion in charge of unsympathetic policemen. There was an Armenian bishop with a triple crown and a long gray beard whose appearance gave infinite zest to the lives of the youths of Oilville, but who afterwards turned out to be what is euphemistically known as a "hotel-runner" at Port Said. There was a

Chinaman, alleged to be the abbot of a Buddhist monastery, who was wanted by the police for a theft in China Town, San Francisco, and was dragged ruthlessly by the detectives from Miss Krag's hearthstone. A high-class African Obo man, who was subsequently identified as a nigger barber from New Orleans, and an Anglican bishop, who turned out to be an unfrocked curate who had taken to drink and bolted with his churchwarden's wife, were also among the holy men whose religious developments Miss Krag sought to investigate. The clerk at the hotel where I stayed, the "Wild West House," whose usual attitude of mild contempt for the foolish requests of hotel guests was tempered with a chastened sense of humor, was my authority for most of these statements, and it is possible that Miss Krag's painful experiences lost nothing in his recital of them.

"Yes, sir," he remarked one day, "you did the right thing when you came to Oilville in Exposition year. Sarah B. Krag is going to have an Exposition of her own, a kinder parliament of religions, and they are coming here to discuss the whole bag of tricks. There will be some lively times, I bet, if they all meet at once. Some remarkable costumes among them, too, and dresses that would make a fortune to Barnum's show. But I guess the Swami takes the cake."

"Who is the Swami?" I asked, for the word seemed like an echo of India.

"Well, I reckon he comes from the Himalaya Mountains; he's got a following of fellows with him they call 'chelas,' and he walks about in flowing robes; but he don't show much. He is Miss Krag's fancy man just now; she deserves a good one; she has had some rare bad ones in her time. Yes, sir," continued the clerk meditatively, "she's had her ups and downs, has

Miss Krag, but she reckons she's struck oil in the Swami."

"What is the difference between him and the others?" I asked.

"Well, you see, he has got hold of the real original thing that was sent down to the Himalayas long before the Flood—about the time of the creation of the world, I guess. He don't take much stock of Buddhism, it's so modern and crude, he says; and as for Christianity, it's so painfully new he ain't had time to study it yet,—he only heard of it the other day. Seems to me news don't travel very fast in the Himalayas—not many American journals taken in in Thibet: not that they'd learn much about Christianity from them. Besides, the Swami is no end of a duke, won't eat with any one, and says his meat is brought by angels from the Himalayas. I don't know where his meat comes from, but I do know where his drink comes from—that's from here; yes, sir, from this hotel. Two of his fellows came here one day and said they wanted the best and purest liquid on earth to wash the Swami's feet with. I gave 'em six dozen of our best and purest champagne at 100 dollars a dozen, and I guess they washed the Swami's inside with it. I did not see him walking about up town again for a week after that."

"I'd like to see the Swami," I observed.

"Didn't you say that you were going to Mrs. Fanshaw's tea this afternoon? You'll see some of them there, I bet; not the Swami himself, but his followers, and you can size them up a bit and let me know: so long," and the clerk turned to commune with a drummer from Chicago.

The hotel clerk was not wont to be incorrectly informed as to the social movements in Oilville. When I arrived in Mrs. Fanshaw's drawing-room,

my hostess greeted me with the intelligence that she had secured one of the most charming of the Swami's followers for her afternoon tea, and she felt sure that as I had been in India it would be a distinct delight to me to meet with such a man in this distant Western city.

"Besides," she said, "I want you to tell me what you really think of him. You see, dear Miss Krag is so peculiar and takes up with such curious people that we never feel quite sure about her friends, and some of us think—however, you shall see for yourself."

I made my way into the drawing-room, where there was a low hum of conversation. Above it, however, I heard from the end of the room a voice that seemed to carry my thoughts clean back to Calcutta. It was a kind of mellifluous cackle, and I felt that I could hardly be deceived as to the owner thereof. One glance assured me that it was none other than my Baboo friend, Bishwas Dass. He certainly seemed to be in prosperous circumstances; his turban was golden braided, his flowing garments were richly decorated, his cheeks were plump, his eyes gleaming, and the satirical-sensual-devotional look of a Hindoo god seemed to be that of a triumphant Krishna. He was seated in the middle of a bevy of fair American girls, who were hanging on his words, especially one golden-haired girl, who was gazing at him with rapt devotion.

"Ah! yes, dear ladies," he was saying, "in this fleeting world the Greater is become the Less, and the Less the Greater, and the All is the Whole of things. For such is the teaching of the Vedas, the most ancient of all religions, though our teaching is that of a religion that was old long before the Vedas were thought of, and which teaches that all is Flux in the Uni-

verse, that Change is all in all, that the Universe is in Flux, and that all is Change. As the sacred word says, 'Ahum, Ahoom, Pudman, Vishasht, Strium, Brummun, Svakum,' which means, dear ladies," he continued, glancing round in mild triumph, "The temple of love is the temple of the Most High, and the grove of Purity is——"

Here his eyes went wandering round till they met mine, and he suddenly saw and recognized me, and stopped as if he had been shot. The effect on him was quite miraculous: he seemed to shrivel up, he turned green, his cheeks quivered, his eyes grew dull, and he sat helplessly gazing at me in a state of collapse on the settee.

"Are you ill, dear Chela?" demanded the ladies, and tea and muffins were pressed upon him with wild alacrity.

"It is nothing," he gasped,—"*it is nothing.* The noble Sanskrit words," he went on, looking at me with a hopelessly imploring look—"the noble Sanscrit words overcame me; but I must go to our Swami's evening prayers. I see there," he cried, looking at me, "the oldest friend and benefactor of my youth; let me speak to him."

He made as though to begin a rush towards me, which degenerated into a reluctant shamble. However, he came up to me at last, and shook hands, and whispered, "Let me see you to-morrow: what hotel? And say nothing now."

I mentioned my hotel, and nodded.

"Yes, dear friends," he said, with some renewed confidence, "this gentleman is my most beloved benefactor: he saved my life once, and I trust him to do it again. I trust him with all," he continued, looking anxiously at me. "At nine to-morrow morning," he whispered as he passed me, and escaped from the room.

Of course I became at once the centre of an inquisitive throng. "Did you

know our dear Chela before? Is his history really true? Was he really found as a new-born baby at the feet of the goddess in the forest? Does the Swami really live in a monastery at the top of the Himalayas?"

Such were the questions which were launched at me. I found myself rather embarrassed. I said, "I really cannot answer all these questions at once. I knew Bishwas Dass years ago, and did him some slight service. He is a clever young man, and that is all I know."

"How provoking you are, Mr. Phillips; I believe you know a lot about him you won't tell."

"My dear lady, I assure you I know nothing. The Swami I never heard of before, and this youth is no doubt a Chela of excellent status."

The golden-haired young lady, who had been looking at me with great anxiety, then took up her parable.

"Is he not lovely?" she said. "Is it not wonderful to think of his coming into this world, no one knew how, and his being found at the feet of the statue of the goddess under a banyan-tree, with tigers and elephants all around, but none did him harm. And then when he awoke he chanted Vedic hymns, and all the animals came round and listened, the wild beasts and the hornéd deer."

"Hornéd deer," I observed, "is good."

"Mr. Phillips," she went on, turning her eager eyes on me, "in that far Eastern country these wondrous things do happen, do they not?"

I thought of Bishwas Dass's youth, and the contrast between an infant chanting Vedic hymns in a pathless forest to a circle of sympathetic tigers, and the real Bishwas Dass on a hard bench in the mission school, being painfully drilled in British hymns by the Rev. Robinson and the Rev. Leatham, struck me as slightly ludicrous though

not altogether unmixed with pathos. It was clear that the golden-haired young lady had mixed up Bishwas Dass with the illimitable East, a situation that was fraught with peril, and I resolved to stop, anyhow, *this* little illusion as soon as possible, after I had had a talk with Bishwas Dass himself.

"Well," I said guardedly, "India is a wonderful country, and extraordinary things do happen there, no doubt."

"I declare," said a 'cute-looking young American girl, a Miss Winslow, who had listened with unaffected derision to her friend's rhapsodies, "I believe it is all flim-flam. The whole story seems to me about the thinnest thing I have ever heard. It is too ridiculous for words, a new-born baby in a forest beginning to chant Vedic hymns with tigers prowling round. Why, my dear, he would have been inside one of those tigers before he could chant a single verse. I don't believe a single word of it. Do you, Mr. Phillips?" she asked, turning to me.

"Well," I said, "if I were you, I would ask the Swami himself and see what he says."

"That's just what I've done," she answered. "I thought I would go to the fountainhead and find out all about him, himself and his young men."

"And what was the result?" I asked.

"Well, I can't say I got much change out of him," said the young lady. "He looked at me with a kind of far-away look in his eyes, and said, 'The mysteries of life and death, and the mysteries of death and life, what is life, what is death? Tell me that.' Of course I could not tell him *that*, so he rather floored me there, and that was the only explanation he would give, and that did not seem to carry me very far."

"You did not get much out of him, certainly," I said, "if that was all."

"I asked him, too, whether all his Chelas came from the Himalayas, and

he looked at me with a dreamy smile, and said, 'How do incarnations come and go, and what are the Himalayas?' I thought some people *did* know how incarnations came, and as for the Himalayas, I knew they were a range of mountains, and told him so; but he said, 'No, they are the embodiment of the Infinite; they are and are not.' I should just like to meet with a hill that was and wasn't, a pretty good sort of a hill for a wheel-ride, so I told him he ought to join the Christian Scientists,—their horrid things don't exist either,—but he looked at me with a pitying smile, and said something in Sanscrit. Oh, he is as cunning as they make 'em. You'll get nothing out of him; but anyhow I think you're real mean, Mr. Phillips, not to tell us more."

"My dear young lady," I said, "I assure you I don't know anything more." And I was glad to turn the conversation on to other topics, and escape further cross-examination.

It was with considerable interest that I awaited the coming of Bishwas Dass next morning. I was curious to know how from the depths of a Bengal lock-up he had arrived at being the oracle of an admiring crowd of ladies in the far West of America, and I resolved to base my future action on the real facts of the case, which I intended he should tell me without reserve.

Punctually at nine o'clock came a timid tap at the door, and Bishwas Dass entered. He was dressed, in order probably not to attract attention, in what Americans call "citizens' clothes," not particularly well cut, and these ill-fitting garments, combined with a bowler hat, had the effect of making Bishwas Dass a singularly unimpressive figure. Quite otherwise had he appeared on the previous day when, clad in flowing garments and golden turban, he discoursed on the high things of the universe to a charmed

circle of ladies in exceedingly dubious Sanscrit. However, he came in awkwardly, gazed at me with most profound anxiety, and took his seat on the extreme edge of a chair.

"Well," I said, "you're a nice young man for a Chela, quoting the Vedas to young ladies and ordering the best champagne for your Swami."

Bishwas Dass looked at me helplessly, and seemed as though he was about to burst into tears. My heart somewhat melted. "Now," I said, "tell me all about it. You must tell me the whole truth, and then I shall see what I shall do."

"I will tell the whole truth," said Bishwas Dass, in a trembling voice. "And then I am in your honor's hands. If your honor chooses to ruin me, you can do so, and I have no resource but God and your honor."

"Never mind about that," I said. "Tell me how you came here." And then Bishwas Dass began his tale.

When his term of imprisonment was over, he naturally found Calcutta no place for him, and so went up country and maintained himself for a while by writing English petitions. There was not much wealth to be got in this way, and it did not seem to help towards the attainment of his great ambition, which, as he admitted to me, was to be a jute-merchant. However, he discovered, as Mr. Micawber had previously discovered with regard to the coal trade on the Medway, that capital was the one thing needed to enable him to realize his modest ambition, and, like Mr. Micawber, "capital" poor Bishwas Dass just emerged from a Calcutta jail, "had not." So after stowing about Bengal rather disconsolately for some time, he finally met a young man at Patna, who told him he was going to America to make lots of money. Bishwas Dass made inquiries, was finally introduced to the Swami, and was selected by that astute

gentleman as a most desirable follower. The Swami said that there were lacs of rupees to be made by fakirs and holy men in America, and mentioned Miss Krag, of whom he had heard, as a certain source of income. So Bishwas Dass fell in with it.

"He made us learn a little Sanscrit," said Bishwas Dass, "so as to quote sentences, and gave us a book called 'Isis Unveiled,' by Blavatsky Madam Sahib, and told us to learn the phrases and repeat them."

"The Swami seems to be a pretty smart sort of man," I observed, "though I think you did not get very far with your Sanscrit lessons."

"What your honor heard yesterday," said Bishwas Dass humbly, "was not Sanscrit at all—it had no meaning. But your honor knows the proverb, 'Wink is good as nod to blind mare.'"

"Exactly so," I said; "and that nonsense that you reeled off to those young ladies, that perhaps came out of 'Isis Unveiled'?"

Bishwas Dass was fain to admit that there probably was something like it in that immortal work.

"Well, now," I said, "who is the Swami?"

Bishwas Dass hesitated, and finally said, "I told the Swami last night that I should tell your honor everything, and he said you were a noble-minded gentleman who would never hurt a poor man."

"H'm," I said.

"The Swami," continued Bishwas Dass with some reluctance, "was a pleader practising in Lucknow, but he produced a document in court which the judge thought was not a genuine document, so he took away his *sanad*."

"In fact," I interposed, "he committed forgery and was disbarred."

"Yes, that is what the papers said," answered Bishwas Dass. "And so he had nothing to do; but he heard of Miss Krag and the Exposition, and

mortgaged his family estate and got money to come out here. The other Chelas, one was a clerk, one was a cook at Green & Reed's Restaurant in Bombay, and the other is a petition-writer."

"I see," I said. "You're a nice lot of holy men from the Himalayas, ain't you?"

Bishwas Dass wriggled a little, and looked meekly at me, with the ghost of a deprecatory smile. "And now your honor knows all, and we are in your honor's hands, and your honor can ruin us; but we do no harm,—we talk about religion, and people give us money, that's all."

I fell into a train of thought and kept looking at Bishwas Dass. After all, what harm were they doing? *Populus vult decipi*, and if the Americans in their simplicity chose to give money to a low-class swindling native attorney for the revelation of things most high, it was no particular business of mine. Of course the whole thing was a swindle—a pleader with his ragged following of clerks and cooks posing as the missionaries of an ancient Eastern religion; but why should I interfere? If these people did not take money out of Miss Krag, somebody else would. This was the kind of thing she wanted, and she got it. After all, throughout the Exposition people were trying to sell things for more than they were really worth, which indeed is the ordinary course of business. In like manner the Swami with his slender store of oriental learning was selling his balderdash of a religion for a good deal more than it was worth, it being, indeed, worth nothing at all; but then the turbans, the devoted followers, and the flowing robes, all these were thrown in and had to be paid for. Certainly it was a roguery, but where is there not roguery? The incompetent politician, the fraudulent director, the promoter of a gigantic Trust, were all thieves

in one sense, and our Swami only did much as they, in a slightly different manner. As for Bishwas Dass, I really had not the heart to expose him and hold him up to odium, and possibly land him in the hands of the police again.

"Well," I said at last to Bishwas Dass, who sat watching me with intense anxiety, "I don't see why I should give you away, and so I will say nothing; but on one condition only, and if you break this, I shall burst up the whole show. I will have no philandering with young ladies."

"Philandering?" inquired Bishwas Dass, somewhat puzzled.

"Yes," I said; "I mean you must not make love to any white American girls, nor must you or any one of you marry any of them. I saw you last night looking at that golden-haired young lady. Well, you must not look at her any more. If I hear that you or any of your party are making serious love or getting engaged to any girl here, just you look out, or I will expose you all. So just remember that is my condition, and tell the Swami and the others."

"I promise faithfully," said Bishwas Dass, greatly relieved, "that I will carry out your honor's orders in every way, and tell the others to do so too."

"You had better," I said. "And now tell me what do you do here, and how do you make money?"

"The Swami lectures," said Bishwas Dass. "And we burn incense and carry candles, and ring bells, and prostrate ourselves at his feet: the front row," he added artlessly, "is five dollars and the back seats one dollar. We have an agent, Colonel Levi; he is very clever man and he makes business."

"What sort of business?"

"Well, you see, if a lady gives tea, he goes to her and says, 'You want Swami to show to your fashionable friends? Very well, pay five hundred

dollars. If you want first-class Chela, fifty dollars; second-class Chela, twenty-five dollars.' I," continued Bishwas Dass modestly, "am the first-class Chela."

"I see," I said; "your Sanscrit is a little more advanced, and you know a few more phrases about the All and the Whole and the Nought, and things like that."

"Yes," said Bishwas Dass simply, "I suppose that is it; and then after séance we have a collection to help our religion and for Swami's expenses, but I think most of that goes to Swami's expenses."

"That," I said, "I can easily imagine; but tell me, what is the religion you are preaching?"

"It is a mixture," said Bishwas Dass solemnly, "made up of everything, and we call it the Pre-Aryan religion. It really is very good religion."

"Pre-Aryan is a good word, at all events," I said; "and after all, it does not matter very much what you call it."

"No," said Bishwas Dass cheerfully, "it is all the same; any name can make rose smell sweet," he added, with some pride in his mastery over English proverbs.

"Well," I said, "you may go now, and I won't interfere, but you must remember my condition."

Bishwas Dass rose with alacrity and looked quite happy. "I shall never forget your honor's kindness," he said. "And I shall ever pray as in duty bound for your honor's long life. I will also keep the condition and tell the others, and we will all bless your honor's name."

"Very well," I said. "Good-bye, and remember, I shall have my eye on you, and see that you do keep your promise."

Bishwas Dass departed, and I again fell to questioning myself whether I had done right or wrong in leaving this

plausible young rascal loose on society. For the life of me I could not see they were doing any actual harm. Such imitation Sanscrit nonsense as I had heard Bishwas Dass pour out was perhaps not very edifying or instructive, but it was harmless, and the rolling phrases out of "Isis Unveiled" might not be very morally elevating or intellectually stimulating, but certainly they were innocuous; and if the American public chose to pay fancy prices for them and the flowing dresses, why should I bother? As for the Pre-Aryan religion, one more sect would not do any harm in America,—there was plenty of room for all. The social aspect of the case afforded a less puzzling problem. I myself should have thought that a hundred pounds was rather a large price to pay for the society of a rascally native attorney of blemished reputation; but if Mrs. Jones of Pennsylvania Avenue liked to crush Mrs. Smith of West 32nd Street by having an expensive guest at her parties, there was certainly no reason for me to interfere. Besides, I really had a weakness for poor Bishwas Dass, who had certainly had no luck hitherto, and I resolved to carry out my share of the conspiracy of silence if the Swami and his friends carried out their engagement of abstention from matrimonial engagements.

So the Swami continued his triumphant career uninterrupted by me, and as time went on I learned that Bishwas Dass was faithfully keeping his promise to me, and had induced the others to pursue a similar line of conduct. In fact, my lively young friend Miss Winslow actually deplored the fact one day to me when I met her out.

"Look here, Mr. Phillips," she said, "I know you have done something to those Swami people; they have quite changed since you came."

I inquired how.

"Why, they used to look at our girls as if they would eat them; now they cast down their eyes like so many nuns, and simply never look at anything in the shape of a girl."

"Don't they?" I said. "That shows strikingly bad taste on their part."

"Why, certainly it does show bad taste," said the young lady artlessly. "And that golden-haired girl you met at Mrs. Fanshaw's is real mad about it, I tell you: she had no end of a mash on with Chela Bishwas, and now he says he's devoted to the goddess Buddha, or somebody like that."

"Hardly the goddess Buddha," I ventured to suggest.

"Well, one of these old Indian goddesses, anyway," returned the lively young lady. "But I think you're real mean not to tell us all you know about them." And the young lady went on her way sore displeased, but leaving me with the comfortable feeling that, at all events, the most pernicious possible result of the Swami's invasion of the Western world would be avoided.

The time wore on, and the Exposition and my stay at Oilville were drawing to a close, when one day Bishwas Dass, whom I met in the street, besought me to give him an interview on a matter of the deepest importance. I appointed an hour the next day, and Bishwas Dass again turned up in "citizens' clothes," with every appearance of agitation and anxiety.

"Well, what's up?" I said.

"Your honor," said Bishwas Dass earnestly, "I have faithfully carried out my promise, and now I want your honor's permission to take up an appointment which is to be conferred on me."

"What is it?" I asked.

"It is like this," said Bishwas Dass. "You see, the Exposition is coming to an end, and Swami has made money."

and wants to go back to India; but he promised when he brought us here to provide for all of us. Swami himself is provided with suitable position."

"What's that?" I asked.

"There is ancestral Hindoo undivided estate near Lucknow with seventy claimants and they all bring suits. The case has been three times to Privy Council and twelve times to High Court and there are many suits pending. So Swami has bought one twenty-fourth of the undivided share of the brother's cousin's son, so he will be added as a party."

"I see," I said. "He has bought a pretty valuable property, hasn't he?"

"He only paid ten rupees for it," said Bishwas Dass simply; "but he will be party in about twenty suits that are now going on, so he is quite provided for."

Bishwas Dass spoke as if hopeless and interminable litigation was quite a decent means of livelihood, and a most enjoyable way of spending one's declining years.

"I see," I said. "He is no doubt amply provided for, with plenty of cheerful occupation for the rest of his life; and the Chelas, what becomes of them?"

"One, Isardas, will go with Swami as private secretary to help him in law-suits."

"Some one, I suppose, to bribe the witnesses," I remarked, "and get at the court officials, and help to forge the necessary documents."

"Just so," said Bishwas Dass seriously; "and then Futtehsing, the cook, he is going to stay here: he has got appointment at Oriental Restaurant to make the curries and walk about in turban at lunch-time. He gets a hundred dollars a-month, and food and lodging."

"That," I observed, "is a truly magnificent opening for a young man; but don't it strike you, Bishwas Dass, that

it's rather a come-down from attending on saints in a Himalayan monastery to make curries and walk about a restaurant at Ollville?"

"I thought I told your honor that he was cook at Green & Reed's in Bombay," said Bishwas Dass mildly. "There are no cooks in Himalayas."

"I stand corrected," I said, "and the fat little Chela, what of him?"

Bishwas Dass looked troubled. I must ask your honor's kind permission for him," he went on. "He wants leave to marry American girl."

"Who is it?" I asked.

"It is Miss Hermann," he said, "whose father keeps saloon, and he will stand behind bar and give drinks to sahibs."

"What! the big, red-haired girl, the bar-keeper's daughter on 12th Street?"

"That is the missy sahib," said Bishwas Dass.

"Well," I said, "he may do that if he likes, as long as he does not take her away to India. I don't envy him: she'll knock his head off if he's up to any tricks. Yes, Bishwas Dass, I won't forbid the banns; and now, as to you, what becomes of you?"

Bishwas Dass looked exceedingly nervous, cast an imploring glance at me, and, as his wont was when troubled in mind, moistened his lips with his tongue. "I have kept my word to your honor and I have looked at no matrimonial girl; but," he proceeded, "but—but—Miss Krag—"

"You don't mean to say you are asking leave to marry Miss Krag?" I asked aghast.

"No, no, your honor," said Bishwas Dass; "I promised I would not woo any maiden."

"Miss Krag a maiden to be wooed," I said musingly. "Well, I suppose she is one technically. What do you mean, then?"

"You see, your honor, it is this way: Swami said to me, 'All are now pro-

vided for except you, Bishwas Dass, and I have arranged first-class opening for you,' and then he told me, but I said I must ask your honor's permission first."

"What, in Heaven's name, is the opening?"

"The Swami," said Bishwas Dass, speaking with reluctant hesitation, "told Miss Krag that he had seen in a vision that millions of years ago she lived in Himalayas—that was in previous incarnation, of course—and she was married and had son, and that I am her son."

I stared at him, perfectly paralyzed at the young rascal's impudence.

"And then," continued Bishwas Dass, "she recognized me to be her son, and with your honor's kind permission, she wishes to adopt me and will give me monthly salary. It is a good appointment," said Bishwas Dass meekly,—he spoke of it as if it was a clerkship in the Customs that had been offered him,—"but I will not take it if your honor forbids," and he gazed at me with luminous beseeching eyes.

"And the money?" I asked.

"That is all to be arranged as your honor would desire: she give me five hundred rupees a-month and all her other money is given to trustees for her family, and they give her annuity of hundred thousand dollars. So your honor sees that I am not the grasping. The Swami," he added modestly, "said I was noble young man."

"The Swami's opinion on a matter of this sort is valuable," I said, and I began to think the matter over. Poor Miss Krag, after all, why should she not do this? Doubtless, like every other woman, she had had vague maternal yearnings, and now she could satisfy them in a way. If she had married, it would probably have been to some scoundrel who was only after her money, who might have plundered her, beaten her, got drunk, or gambled,

who knows? Or her children might have turned out badly and brought down her gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. At all events, she had avoided all these possible evils, and I had no doubt that the poor old lady believed that Bishwas Dass really was her son in a sort of a way. And then, he was ready-made,—not the color I should have chosen myself; however, that was her business and not mine. A son with a past, no doubt; but she never need know anything about that. After all, an old lady with cravings after the Unseen and the Unknowable was sure to be swindled by somebody, and if she came to anchor over Bishwas Dass for a definite sum, it was perhaps the wisest thing she could do.

"What do the relations say?" I asked.

"They have all agreed," he answered. And indeed the scheme did secure the greater part of Miss Krag's fortune from any other wandering religious enthusiast.

"Will you be good to her, Bishwas Dass?" I asked.

"I shall be her son," he said simply, "and I will always treat her as a mother. We will go to India, as she wants to see the holy cities, and I will serve her."

I reflected again. I always liked Bishwas Dass somehow, and believed that he had been the victim of circumstances. He had kept his word to me on the subject of the golden-haired girl, and I really thought he would be more or less true to Miss Krag.

"Very well, then," I concluded at last, "I give my consent—that is, I will say nothing; but look here, Bishwas Dass, you must be good to her. I shall be out in India, too, and shall make it my business to find out how you treat her, and if there is any nonsense, you look out."

"Your honor need have no fear, I will be good son to her: and now I have

your honor's consent, adoption ceremony will take place at once. Swami will do it."

"Does the old lady really believe this monstrous fable?" I asked.

"Swami told her," said Bishwas Dass, "and she believes all he says."

"Does she?" I said grimly. "She is not so well acquainted with him as the judge of Lucknow used to be."

"But, after all," added Bishwas Dass ingenuously, "we have incarnation, so I may have been her son once."

"Well, you may certainly," I said; "but remember what I told you, and be a good son to the old lady now."

Bishwas Dass took his departure, greatly relieved. He apologized profusely on behalf of the Swami for not inviting me to the ceremony, but only

the Swami and the Chelas were to be there, and one of Miss Krag's relations besides herself. I think he was slightly afraid of any possible criticism of his Sanscrit and ancient Vedic ceremonies, for the adoption was to take place according to Aryan, or rather Pre-Aryan, rites.

The next morning I found my friend the hotel clerk deep in the "Oilville Times and Herald." "Well," he said, "this is a thing which I guess will convulse Oilville. Ain't you going to the ceremony as a friend of the family, Mr. Phillips?"

"What ceremony?" I asked; and for all response the clerk showed me the first page of the newspaper. There it all was, in large print, in the very crudest and coarsest of headlines:—

"SARAH B. KRAG. A HAPPY MOTHER AT LAST.

SHE WILL EMBRACE THE OFFSPRING OF HER PREHISTORIC NUPTIALS.

CHELA BISHWAS TO BE LED TO THE ADOPTIVE ALTAR.

FROM THE HIMALAYAS TO OILVILLE,

A JUMP OF FIVE MILLION YEARS WHILE YOU WAIT.

Sarah thinks his complexion changed some during the last few million years but says she don't mind."

(I need hardly say that both the sentiment and the observation were entirely alien to Miss Krag, and due to the lively imagination of the newspaper man.)

"SWAMI IN ANCIENT ARYAN ROBES TO DO THE NEEDFUL IN THE GILDED ASIATIC HALL IN 30TH STREET.

OUR REPORTER WILL BE THERE."

And then the newspaper went on to describe Miss Krag's personality, her income, and all the arrangements, and the article ended with very unflattering portraits in woodcut of Miss Krag and Bishwas Dass—which latter appeared to have been taken from the same block as the likeness of a negro murderer which adorned the next page.

"That will make New York and Chicago sit up," said the clerk; "they never had anything like that in their obsolete old villages. But ain't you

going, Mr. Phillips? You ought to give away the bride—the mother, I mean—to the arms of her long-lost son. Well, old man Krag would have gone just crazy if he had thought of a thing like that: it's enough to make him turn in his grave. What's the points of that black young man anyway? If she wanted a son, couldn't she have taken a white one? There are a good many about this town would just have jumped at the offer. Well," continued the clerk philosophically, "women do

curious things; but this beats all. Seems to me, if he is a reincarnated son, she oughter have a reincarnated husband too. Where's he, I want to know? Why ain't he around? I don't seem to hear of him, somehow, unless it's you, Mr. Phillips?"

"No," I said, "I'm not the man."

"Perhaps, then," continued the clerk, "he don't live in this town; possible he's gone to the Himalayas for a spell; perhaps he's seen Miss Krag and his re-created son, and don't fancy either of them. What do you think, Mr. Phillips?"

"I don't think about it at all," I said; "but one thing I know, that reporter will not be there."

"Won't he, though, my dear sir? You don't know the American reporter. But even if he ain't there, it don't matter a cent—the description will be on hand all right: you may bet your life on the young man of the 'Oilville Times and Herald.'"

And sure enough, next morning—though Bishwas Dass assured me that no outsider was present—there was a glowing description of the whole function which quite absorbed popular attention in Oilville, to the total exclusion of three fires, a murder, and the absconding of a bank clerk, which events happened on the same day. Miss Krag and her adopted son left Oilville very quietly—not even the omniscient reporter being aware of their departure; and soon after I, too, found myself on my way back to Calcutta.

I heard as time went on that there was no particular fault to be found with Bishwas Dass as a son. East is East, and West is West, and this very oddly assorted couple probably did not find it all smooth sailing. However, Miss Krag was perhaps as happy as

any foolish woman who has done an incomparably foolish thing could reasonably expect to be. Bishwas Dass was reported to be outwardly fairly respectful, and perhaps he did not swindle her much. At all events, he did not murder her, for the poor old lady died of cholera about four years later in an American missionary's house at Benares. Greatly to the scandal of her hosts she insisted on dying as a Hindoo, and her body was burnt on the banks of the Ganges.

I had almost forgotten this strange episode, when, driving out one evening in Calcutta, I met a truly luxurious native carriage with a coachman in gorgeous livery, and two footmen standing behind the barouche with fly-flappers in their hands. In the carriage there sat a fat Baboo merchant, surrounded by his family, and after the profound salaam he made me I had little difficulty in recognizing my old friend Bishwas Dass, who had at last reached the summit of his ambition, and had become a flourishing Jute-merchant. There he sat, his half-quizzical, half-devotional look softened by age and obesity, and with his diminutive wife and three plump bedizened little girls looking like a stout elderly Krishna surrounded by tiny "Gopis."

I heard that he was going to stand as a candidate for the municipal ward in which I have a vote, and if he would only repeat some of his hymns in that inimitable cackle of his, and would tell us some of his real experiences with Miss Krag, I am sure the English merchants would plump for him to a man. But possibly the respectable head of the wealthy firm of "Bishwas Dass & Co." could hardly be expected to condescend to such frivolities.

T. Hart-Davies.

IN GUIPUZCOA.

BY MRS WOODS.

I.

THE BASQUES: AND AN OLD SEA-PORT.

In the Middle Ages an island of the Northern seas, lying in the welter of oceanic weather, was inhabited by an energetic race of men given to commerce, sea-farers, sea-fighters. And eight degrees further south, a country as fertile and smiled upon by much more amiable, though still uncertain, skies, bore also an energetic and commercial race, sweeping the seas in more or less legitimate enterprise as far as the island of the north. These two races have to-day certain common characteristics. They both emigrate naturally, as it were, to America, though to different sides of the Isthmus of Panama; and both, wherever they go, carry with them their passion for a national game, played with a ball. One game is cricket and the other is *pelota*. And the excellent players of these respective games are famous and revered among their countrymen; and of no consequence anywhere else. But here the likeness ceases. For one of these races has made itself master of the great ocean and the great trade of the world; it is called the British Empire and the United States. The other is divided between three provinces of Spain and one department of France, and is called the ancient and interesting Basque race.

No one knows anything of its origin. The most learned and the most ignorant alike can guess that at one time it would have covered a much larger space on the map than it does now—only that was long before there was a

map—and that it has been driven up into this corner of Europe by invasions of stronger peoples. Nevertheless the Basques are not physically poor. Although seldom very big, they are not particularly small; they are well-knit and healthier in appearance than the majority of the lower classes in England. Their language is agglutinative; in itself a proof of remote antiquity. One of our most distinguished Celtic scholars once nursed a transitory hope that he might find cause for relating it to Pictish; and he learnt some. What kind of a feat that was may be guessed from the story the Basques themselves tell to explain why they are so good. The devil, they say, noticed with pain how few Basques came to hell, and so he determined to learn their language in order to entice them on the road. But when he had lived a whole year in the country he could still say no more in Basque than good-morning. So he gave the matter up; and that is why the Basques are still so good.

In the fifteenth century pirates were doubtless good; at any rate the Basques were pirates. So were the English, the Dutch, and the French, in fact all sea-faring nations of the time. The sea was No-man's land and the eternal war of commerce was carried on there openly with the mailed fist. The Basques had houses of commerce in Bordeaux, in La Rochelle and Brussels, and traded with Scotland and the Hanseatic towns. They brought a good number of Dutch, English, and French ships into the harbor of Pasa-yes and sold them and their cargoes at auction. They sent out thousands of whalers and cod-fishers, and in the seventeenth century almost monopolized

the Newfoundland fisheries. The English drove them out, as they would have driven out the English if they had been strong enough. The last big commercial enterprise they attempted was the *Compañía Real Guipúzcoana de Caracas*, founded in 1728, for trading with South America. And it flourished well for three and twenty years, when the king, jealous perhaps of so much provincial prosperity, transferred its Board of Directors to Madrid; and presently the Company withered away.

The Basques are still busy in a small way. They have no leading industry that I have been able to discover—except making each other's sandal shoes—but little factories of various kinds stud their mountain streams, which they utilize largely for electric power. Something of the cause of Basque prosperity in the past and its subsequent decline may be found in the picturesque little harbors of the coast of Guipúzcoa from Pasajes to Motrico. These are for the most part smaller than the smallest of our west country seaports, but they remind me of Dartmouth, Salcombe, Fowey, and Boscawen. These too were great ports in the days of little ships, and if we had had none better, Britannia would certainly not have ruled the waves. Pasajes is considerably the largest. It could take our men-of-war a hundred years ago; it has a modern history and a possible future. But Zarautz, Guetaria, Orreaga, Deva sit widowed by their tiny harbors, looking out in vain to the great empty Atlantic, over whose far horizon so many sails came winging towards them in the good days gone by: pirates and merchantmen, cod-fishers and whalers, from the north and the west and the north-west.

Now the Basques of Guipúzcoa were free-traders, which was one reason why they objected to the abolition of their liberties, or *fueros*, and to complete union with the Kingdom of

Spain. Nevertheless, in the fourteenth century when the wool of Navarre went to Bilbao by way of Deva, the city laid a small tax on all the wool embarked at the port, and with the proceeds built the parish church of the Assumption. At the first glance it would appear no different from the other churches of Guipúzcoa, although somewhat larger than ordinary. A square-bodied church, the tower square, with a flattish, slightly pointed roof, the large portico cut out, as it were, under the west end. Within it you are surprised by a wonderful Gothic gateway, fretting with its sculptures the breadth of the wall before you. To left and right in its shallow embrasure stand ranks of Apostles, above are scenes from the life of the Virgin, the Assumption in the centre. Now blessed be the penny on wool which reared this noble portal—and also the cloister within—to the honor of Our Lady and for the glory of the city of Deva! The wool-merchants of Navarre have gone their way, have passed like shadows, and of all their goods nothing remains except those pennies of the tax which they paid so unwillingly. The port of Deva seems scarcely a port at all. The sea sand has silted up half the bay and only little vessels creep in at the little river mouth. The face of Nature has changed, but the work of Man remains, essentially uninjured by the years.

As we stood in the high portico admiring the sculptured archway, the doors were opened wide, and we saw right up the big dark church, which, like others of its type, is practically all nave, to the high altar. A procession was coming down it with a yellow flicker of candle flames and a golden glitter of vestments. As it came towards the daylight, the moving shapes and chanting voices gathered definiteness. The round-cheeked choristers two and two, the priests in faded crimson copes, with faces like yellow wax

under their birettas, passed out through the ancient portico, whose flags such feet as theirs have been wearing for five hundred years. And once again the Litany to the Virgin, with the haunting choric pathos of its *Ora pro nobis*, welled up clear from the throats of the choir boys, hummed nasal from the waxen-faced priests, and echoing under the shallow vaulting of the roof, passed out, and died away along the square. Precisely these words, precisely these tones, the portico has been echoing since the builder's hand left it here fresh and new: when the short, deep-bodied ships rode at anchor in the bay, when the grass-grown strand of Deva stood full of bales of wool and trains of mules with their muleteers, and there was a noise of sailors' chantries and running chains and tackle, a chatter of merchantmen in Basque and in Castilian, and it may be in other languages beside, where now is silence, except for the occasional hoot and rattle of a passing train, and the children playing at hop-scotch.

There are always plenty of children in a Basque *pueblo*, but on this particular Sunday morning they seem to be nearly all boys. Perhaps here, as in Protestant England, the little girls are suffering the martyrdom of the best frock. At any rate, when the procession, sparsely accompanied by one or two black-hooded women, issued from the portico and passed along the side of the square, there was such a running and scrambling of little boys from the side streets that you would have thought the Pied Piper, or at least a circus, had come to town. Chubby little boys, not in the least picturesque, with very short trousers and very dirty faces, much as you might have seen them—on a weekday—in England. With noises of delight, and no signs of piety whatever, they came running after the procession, and followed it in a crowd till it reached the chapel to

which it was bound. This was an odd, ugly erection facing down a lane, and looking like a box with one side out. There was scarcely room in it for the gaudy altar in the middle and the troop of clergy and choristers who crowded into it, like a too numerous company of amateur actors on to a drawing-room stage. But the sweet solemn singing was not yet over, and outside the chapel the flock of busy, trotting children stopped short and, forming up in some sort of order, plumped down on their little bare knees, and, with clasped hands and bowed heads, said their little prayers before the chapel; so redeeming its tawdry ugliness, its vulgar theatre air, and making a picture of Paradise in the squalid street.

But we hurried back to see the cloister behind the church before the service began. A small door leads into it from the dark nave. It is light and bright, and the tall graceful arches of its windows surround what was once a graveyard, but is now a garden of abundant bloom. The windows are barred with slender shafts of stone, which, on a level with the spring of the arch, are transformed into a geometric design. But two are different from the others, and more beautiful. These are together in a corner. Behind them, beyond the pantile roof of the cloister, rises the tower of the church, and below them a tall tree of yellow roses showers its boughs, a cataract of blossom, over a bed of purple irises. It had rained earlier that morning, and the roses and pinks were smelling sweet in the high sun, which threw hard, black shadows athwart the tracery of the windows.

I find no mention of the church of Deva by architectural authorities, but I believe it to be the only one of the kind in Guipúzcoa. The gateway with its sculptured figures, and the geometrical cloister, judged merely by the eye, would seem to be widely separated in

date. But in reality they are probably not so. Deva was not founded till 1343, and geometrical Spanish Gothic superseded the French style in the fourteenth century. The rich gateway one guesses to have been among the last efforts of some architect of the expiring French school. He who began the cloister filled two arches with beautiful tracery, wherein the acanthus leaf is intertwined with a geometrical pattern distantly reminiscent of Moorish art. Then came someone, architect or another, from some centre of civilization, and said that this sort of thing would never do; that acanthus leaf was quite *passé de mode*, and they must change the design before they had gone too far. So they did; and the rest of the cloister is purely geometrical.

Within the church there is nothing to see, which is fortunate, as it is so exceedingly dark that if there were anything you could not see it. But this very darkness procures a fine effect when the church is full of worshippers, as it was for the Mass and sermon after the Litany. For most of them have their own candles; thin cords of orange-colored wax, wound round bits of brown board. The men are in the gallery, or standing at the west end. Looking thence you see in long perspective a crowd of kneeling shapes, shrouded in the black grace of the mantilla, and dim against the yellow light of their tapers. And at the far end, above the faint tapers and the dark crowd, the high altar shines with its many twinkling candles, and the acolytes and the gorgeous priests pass to and fro in the perpetual restless movement of the Mass.

The sermon was in Basque and I did not attend it. But F. did so for a short and distressful time, during which he was unable to decide whether he had suddenly gone deaf or totally forgotten the Castilian tongue. The

discovery of the truth having relieved him of all sense of responsibility, he came out to seek us. But we were exploring the town. The buildings are of no interest, but the inhabitants are civil and honest. And if one should happen to come on a bull-fight day, one would find the common-place Plaza before the Town Hall transformed into such a scene as Goya loved to draw. For it seems they have no vulgar modern bull-ring here, but follow the antique mode and fight their bulls in the city square. Do they follow it still further, and do the postmaster and the grocer and the other *caballeros* of Deva put off their check dittos and tweed caps and dash into the ring in short jackets, ribbons and matador hats?—I think not.

The recognized expedition from Deva is to Iciar. This was already a pilgrimage place of some antiquity in the middle of the thirteenth century, and Deva was founded as an offshoot from it. Its miraculous image of the Virgin dates from the eleventh century and has been always especially venerated by sailors. You can drive to it if you choose, for it is not far from a high-road. But it is a climb of five hundred and odd feet, and when you have paid for the carriage you will, if you are a good Briton, find yourself on Shanks his mare after all. For your conscience will never allow you to be dragged up by the sketchy quadrupeds which do duty for horses in Spain.

It is in truth a delightful pilgrimage to Our Lady of Iciar. The road runs round the eastern corner of the bay, the cliff with its tilted strata above; below the green Atlantic churning in foam on the rocks, and a boat, with a single fisherman in it, rising and falling on the long swell. Behind looms the mountain coast of Guipúzcoa and Vizcaya—Bilbao away there behind Machachaco—before cape after cape clear in the sunshine, till dim in the

distance rises the familiar shape of Jaizquibel, above the mouth of the Bidassoa. Once round the corner, we saw the big church and the little village of Iciar, somewhat inland, but conspicuous on its ridge. It looked near enough, but to reach it we had to wind for three miles about the curves of the hills, looking down over the fresh green of coppice and meadow and blossoming orchard to the sea, and up to the near green hills and the wild distant summits of the Pyrenees. They rose as we rose, till at last we could distinguish the square cloven top of the Trois Couronnes, the King of the mountains that guard the frontier above St. Jean de Luz. By the roadside the yellow broom was flowering as only Spanish broom can flower. But if the pilgrimage is delightful, the place is disappointing. Iciar stands finely and it is doubtless an interesting sight to see processions of mariners and their relations climbing up to the shrine, bearing their votive offerings. But we did not see it. Vespers were just over when we reached the paved courtyard before the church, and the fathers of the village stood discussing its affairs, majestically draped in their long black cloaks, while youngsters crowded to the game of *pelota* against the west wall. But within the church there was little of interest. A votive ship hangs from the roof, as shown in the illustrated postcard. There is a fine *retablo*, but it is less easy to see than the said document leads one to believe. It is of wood and in an almost impossibly good state of preservation: yet that such a piece of work can have been well restored in Guipuzcoa or anywhere else in Spain is still more impossible. It is over the high altar, and there also

The Cornhill Magazine.

should be the miraculous image. But we failed to see it, either because of the darkness or simply because, like the Spanish fleet, it was "not in sight."

The church of Iciar is disappointing and so is the village. There is no five o'clock tea there. A female, indeed, "whose rags scarce held together," proffered us black coffee in the purlieu of a mule-stable; but we passed on un-comforted. Note this, ye future pilgrims.

On the way back a strange thing happened. We met a motor-car. A motor-car in this dead mediæval country, crawling up this immense hill, centuries away from civilization, at six o'clock in the evening. It was probably prospecting with a view to a motor tourist expedition from Paris to Madrid by way of Bilbao, which passed through San Sebastian shortly before the ill-fated Paris to Madrid race. And so beautiful is this coast, so excellent the road, though hilly in places, it should rather be matter for astonishment that we met upon it only one motor-car and not one cyclist. The tourist, however, commonly follows a track as inevitable and hardly wider than that of a railway train.

On the other side of Deva this excellent road, clinging round the cliff, runs level enough to Motrico. And the cliff is not bare and rugged, but clothed with southern vegetation, wild Portugal laurel, and tall heath not yet in bloom. At a turn of the road Motrico lies at your feet: a little red-roofed town, a little green harbor, perfectly protected from the great west winds and the thundering Atlantic by the mountain headland of St. Nicholas, which marks the boundary of Guipuzcoa.

TATA.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF JEAN AICARD.

PART V.

IV. THE TWO BOUNAUDS GROW UP.

They carried out their programme, point by point. At eight years old little Bounaud began to learn Latin of Tata, who could read her Virgil passably well; at nine he entered college as an outside pupil in the lowest form, and still wielded the plane in his grandfather's shop, an hour or two every day. At fifteen he was in rhetoric, and could fit a good tenon into a good mortise. Over and above all this—thanks to nature and heredity, his grandfather's fiddle and the good Saint Cecilia—he had a musical soul. It was a delightful thing to heard him play the violin beside his grandfather, and the great city of Marseilles still remembers a certain charity-concert at which they played together. It was a grand triumph for little Bounaud, and great ladies gave him their bouquets.

"He's a second Mozart!" people said in the hearing of Bounaud the elder, who stood as straight as an oak-tree and felt as gay as a bird.

"Now do not let us make a fool of him!" said Tata. "Don't you remember how Mozart, when he was little, wanted to marry the baby Marie Antoinette?"

"It would have been much better for her than to marry the King of France," replied Bounaud sturdily, "though Louis XVI. was a locksmith, and so in some sort an associate of my own; for I tried my hand at locks too when I was quite young. I expect he brought a good many of his troubles

upon himself by his own weakness. Yes, Marie Antoinette would have done much better to marry Mozart! The artist is the only real king just as Napoleon is the only emperor. And artists do not get dethroned."

All Bounaud was in these words. Plebeian and revolutionary, yet with a great admiration for the title of Prince,—if only it might be confiscated by the aristocracy of talent,—a Napoleonist without being a Bonapartist—what he wanted was the supremacy of untransmittible genius.

"But," said the *curé* laughing, "it was you who founded the Bounaud dynasty."

"You don't know anything about it, your Reverence. We have got a Bounaud at last who will be a great man, just because the rest of us worked in obscurity. You don't suppose, do you, that the Bounauds are going on from father to son, to wield the sceptre of music forever? Not at all! There will be but one Bounaud,—just as there was one Napoleon and one Lamartine!"

It was thus that our friend summed up the history of France in the nineteenth century!

When his fifteen-year-old grandson wanted to tease him he would talk about the "fatal genius" of the great Napoleon.

"Go on, my son!" grinned Bounaud, and proceeded to whistle:

"He saved the land, and none the less
His people all revere and bless,
Revere and bless him.

What you want is to make me angry!
Go on! I can afford to laugh at you!
What indeed should you know of the

* Translated for The Living Age.

great fireworks, who have only the smoking fuse?"

And he broke into a song out of the *Châtiments* which he had himself set to music:

"The female is dead, or so they say,
And the cat has carried the mate away
And is gnawing at the bones."

"Ah, that Victor Hugo! There's another of the kings who are not to be dethroned!"

Another easy way of stirring up the old man was to laud the Saint-Simonians to the skies. This was the *curé's* business:

"They are starting a newspaper to be called *The Free Woman*. You'll subscribe, M. Bonnaud?"

"*Free Woman*? Free of what? Aren't they free enough already? They manage the men exactly as they please! Nobody hinders their doing us all the good they can! Women the equals of men, indeed! I should think so! When they say the word we have to abdicate! Look at me and my daughter. Had I a will of my own in the old days,—or hadn't I? Little by little I've had to knock under. But when it comes to inscribing the defeat of man upon the statute-books of France—never! I say *never*! The beauty of it is now, that when these mighty superior women rule us,—it's their masters whom they rule! Let the world wag! We'll write its music, won't we, Bonnaud?"

"When is he going to the Conservatory?"

"Not yet."

The idolized pupil had all the infantile maladies in due order, and at fifteen he had typhoid fever, of which he nearly died.

"My God, Adèle!" cried Bonnaud in his distress, "what would become of us?"

He felt as if his own reason were going. He could not sleep. He watched the boy night and day. It

was a tedious convalescence, and the invalid had one relapse, with a return of delirium. The old man was delirious too. "If he dies, *Curé*," he said, "how can you expect me to believe in God?"

But when the child was out of danger, old Bonnaud composed certain things which he called *Cradle Songs of the Soul*, which deserved fame.

After the boy had quite recovered, the old man fell ill, and took his turn at being nursed by the young one. Bonnaud too was thought to be in great danger, but he had an iron constitution, and to the surprise of the doctors he recovered. During his convalescence, he would sometimes say:

"Play me something, Bonnaud!"

"Whose music, grandfather?"

"Your own, of course!"

For the child had already begun to compose. And the old man would support himself upon his elbow in the bed, and listen with all his ears to the violin or the flute of the "little one," while Adèle sat and watched them both.

"Mozart, Mozart," the grandfather would murmur to himself. "There's grace for you! There's smoothness! There's charm! It's you, my boy, who have a magic flute!"

Finally, after her father also had recovered, Tata fell ill in her turn, worn out by watching and anxiety, and alternations of hope and fear.

It was a terrible year for the Bonnauds—a nightmare whose horrors were enhanced by the fevered imaginations of the successive patients.

"One has no right to a Waterloo, if one has not first had an Austerlitz," remarked Bonnaud when all was over. "Long live the Republic say I, M. le *Curé*! The Republic won't keep a man from falling ill, but it permits him to turn in his bed—which is something, anyhow."

"Your universal suffrage, M. Bounaud, is a stupid blunder!"

"But we're trying to become less stupid. What are the schools for, else?"

"Schools will never abolish folly, nor sin either. You'll see what use will be made of all this instruction. Teach a man to read and he will read silly things. Infidelity and irreverence will become universal."

"That will be the fault of the men, not of the ideas, Curé!"

"The Republic will never save France."

"Well, and have the rest of you saved it? It's only the powers of evil that will fall!"

"Your Republic will fall!"

"Possibly, but it will rise again. That's its characteristic!"

And he broke out once more into the *Châtiments*:

"Thou shalt fight and shalt fall; and
thy fall how so deep
Shall but measure the height of thy
valorous leap!"

"What does my girl say?" he went on: "*Uno avulso*,"—

"*Non deficit alter*."

"That's it! That's good Latin! Change of masters—change of servants—"

"Ah, yes! You republicans may well say that!"

"Republicans are men, my good Curé! And a change of men is a very good thing; it's the very essence of republican government! No heredity! No predestined master! Liberty is our weapon. Our kind of government can go on being mended forever! Now you change the handle and now the blade—and just as often as the case requires."

"It's the Republic of Jeanette and Jeanot," said the Curé, scornfully.

"It's *my* Republic," answered Bounaud stoutly, "but it does not forbid

me to love either Saint Louis or Napoleon. All the past, even the worst of it, is going to help the future—even the best of it! For, look you! the long and short of it is, that what men evolve is not principles but character. At bottom we all, without distinction of parties, derive exactly the same thing—justice, goodness, happiness—that's the whole of it! We have one desire, and one only. But we are kept apart by our selfishness, and by differences of temperament, which disguise themselves under political formulas—just for the sake of accusing, or, if you will, maligning one another."

These disputes with the good curé of St. Louis were of frequent occurrence. This was what the elder Bounaud had become, under the influence of time, reflection, reading and circumstance—bourgeois-plebeian, revolutionary-Napoleonist, artisan-artist, artist-prince. He was deeply religious, and a convinced free-thinker.

His grandfather's liberalism had prepared the way for the complete emancipation of Bounaud, Jr. In spite of Tata, he had succumbed to the spirit of the age. He was enfranchised, but not very happy, and he deeply regretted the God of other days. He mourned for Him in his music as the sole and only possible recompense for all the wrongs and abominations which make our human destiny so appalling. Like many another man of his generation who has been brought up a Christian, he flung off the yoke two years after his first communion in response to ideas that were in the air. He avowed it frankly to his aunt, who was distressed indeed, but honored him for his sincerity.

"You will come back to God," she said; "to God in Christ, for your heart is pure and good. I can wait."

A VISIT TO THE WISE WOMAN OF LISCLOGHER.

PART I.

It arose out of the request of one of the gardeners who complained of the "sciatic in his legs," for a "half-day to go see a wise woman he had heard of, who had 'the cure.'" Anything so prosaic as a doctor he disdained; so—not without some excitement on the part of a mistress who scented folklore—his petition was granted.

"Bedad then, me lady, she has me nearly cured already!" was his answer a week or so later to my polite inquiries, when I encountered the sufferer in the Dutch garden. "I was with her again 'ere yesterday, and me legs feels rale limber to what they were before; and she says she won't lave a ha'porth on me¹ by the time she has finished with me. She's a wonderful woman entirely, so she is."

"But what does she do to you?" I queried.

"She just rubs me with water and says prayers, me lady. It's with running water she does be curing the people, and prayers, and a charm" (he pronounced it "*charrum*") "that's been in her family for two hundred years. But it's only of a Sunday, a Monday, or a Thursday, that the charrum will work, and then only going on to twelve o'clock."

This sounded really promising, and having ascertained that the witch lived about seven miles away, "in the end cottage down a lane off the Balliva road, about twenty perch beyant the blacksmith's forge that's beside a cross-roads," I determined to take the earliest opportunity of searching further into these mysteries.

It came during the "Horse Show

¹ I.e. she won't leave anything amiss with me.

Week"—that phenomenal epoch when Dublin annually awakes to a brief but feverish gaiety, when every Irish man or woman, from the highest to the lowest, who can by any means compass it, hastens to Ball's Bridge or Leopardstown; when the halls of the usually tranquil Shelbourne Hotel are nightly filled with rollicking scions of the "county families" and their feminine belongings, and all is scurry and uproar. Being neither "horsey" nor overfond of the jostling crowd, the ladies of the family had declined to accompany the master of the house on this exodus, preferring the peaceful charm of woods and garden.

One morning, in especial, dawned clear and blue, and the sunshine drew me out into it with irresistible persuasion. A perfect morning for a drive, and what better object for it than the long-contemplated visit to the wise woman? But every available horse had been "sent up," their human attendants had accompanied them to the show, and our enterprise seemed doomed to be abandoned. And then to us, disconsolate, there loomed distantly on "th' avenue," the friendly form of our bog-ranger. To that functionary we confided our woes, with the result that he gallantly went off to harness his own horse to the dogcart, and himself volunteered to drive us to our wished-for goal.

On the way, as we compassed the seven miles of our journey through bogs gay with heather and cotton-grass, and fields of yellowing oats, the bog-ranger discoursed to us of these "cures" and their workers, revealing the astonishing fact that, in spite of national schools—those destroyers of a more picturesque past—and the opposition of the priests to what is probably

a relic of ancient paganism veneered with Christianity, these are still to be met with through the countryside more frequently than anyone would imagine.

"When I was a little boy," related the bog-ranger, "I mind that old Mulligan—that's the grandfather, that was, of Tom Mulligan, the blacksmith in Kiloolagh—used to do these cures regular. He came nine times to cure Fitzsimons, the father of 'Dandy Pat' (the nickname of a village celebrity), "when he had such pains in his legs he couldn't stand. Mulligan used to gather the water before sunrise from beside our mearin',² and take it to him in his bed; and he did always have a little boy and a little girrl that was brother and sister to each other, to stand by and repeat the prayers wid him in Irish; and sometimes meself and me sister was the little boy and girrl; but sure I've forgotten them all, this good while."

"And do you know what his charm was, Burke?" I inquired.

"Ah not a know, but sure it was never known to fall wid him."

At last we neared the end of our journey, and alighted close to the blacksmith's forge, in whose cavernous depths roared a glorious blaze; and leaving our guide in charge of the dog-cart, we picked our way down a muddy cart-track which bordered three successive fields. From over the hedge, bright with purple vetch and starred with scabious, a sociable old man cheerfully bade us "good morning," and, rightly guessing that we were bound for Mrs. O'Brien's, condoled with us on the badness of the lane; adding reassuringly, "But sure ylz are well able to walk, ladies, and that's more than some that comes to her is."

Finally we reached a little group of thatched cabins, and having skirted the apologies for gardens that fronted them, and eluded the onslaughts of

several inquisitive pigs and collie pups, we arrived at Mrs. O'Brien's abode. She came towards us from the door, a picturesque old woman, with beautiful gray hair, over which a square red kerchief was tied, and a face furrowed with deep lines, evidences of long years of sorrow and struggling poverty. In no way did she resemble the witches of the story-books; for, instead of the conventional weird, gipsy-like, unkempt figure crouching, pipe in mouth, over the hearth, I found an eminently respectable and self-respecting old woman. With the dignified and well-bred manners of the Celtic poor of the older generation, she bade us welcome, and we entered and seated ourselves in the cabin. Our mutual friend the gardener proved an adequate introduction, and we were soon on the most friendly terms.

Vainly did I cast surreptitious glances round me in search of love philtres and potions. All that I could see was a huge open chimney with its ingle bench; the high-pitched rafters above it blackened with continuous peat-smoke, a tidily furnished dresser, and a chair or two. The iron skillet on the hearth held nothing more mysterious than oatmeal stirabout, the conventional black cat was absent, and the hens who pecked about the floor were evidently no familiar spirits, but merely the usual feathered denizens of an Irish cabin.

But if her cottage was prosaic, her conversation was racy in the extreme. Having once broken the ice, and drawn her out with repeated assurances of my anxiety to hear something about her wonderful cures, she became discursive, and babbled of weird diseases with unfamiliar names.

"The most of the cures does be with prayers, me lady; but I cure the St. Agnes' Fire and the Wild Fire with errebs" (herbs).

From her explanations I gathered

² i.e. boundary.

that these were different forms of "breaking out;" those unpleasant sores which poverty of blood, insufficiency of nourishing food, and unhygienic conditions so often produce amongst the lower classes. "Did ye ever hear tell of the Falling of the Breastbone?" she continued. "It does be a sinking down of the breastbone till it presses on the liver; and you'd know by a person's looks when it be's that way wid 'em. Well, I have a cure for that too, that'll never fail. I take a small piece of blessed candle, and I light it and stick it to a penny. Then I hold the penny wid the candle stuck to it on the person's breast-bone, and put a glass tumbler upside down over all and hold it there till the blessed candle has gone out." This mysterious malady being entirely outside my experience, I reverted to our original topic, namely, the cure for rheumatic pains.

"Sure 'tis only the doctors bes calling it 'rheumatics' and 'sciatic,'" she said, with a supreme scorn for those worthies; "the right old Irish word for it is the *Shetterhaun*.* The charm that me mother gave me has been handed down in our family for two hundred years, and glory be to God it never failed on me yit. But me mother's father lost his power of curing with it, because he used it lightly for to cure cattle, and sure when God Almighty gave it us, He only meant it for Christians."

"And is it true that you have to get the water before sunrise?" I asked.

"Ah, not at all," she answered, "but it must be riz before twelve o'clock: and the charm will only work of a Sunday, a Monday, or a Thursday. But I know another woman that lives beyant, that has some kind of a cure too. I don't know what it is, but she's only

able to cure pains from the hips downwards; and she has to get the water before sunrise for her cure"—adding, with the unconscious poetry of the Gaelic races, "and she has told me that many a time the moon would be still shining and the stars glittering when she'd be going down to the mearin' beside the bog to rise it."

A sight touch of rheumatism in one arm, coupled with an unappeasable thirst for every experience that life brings in my way, emboldened me to beg her to try "the cure" on me. When at last she yielded—not without much persuasion, for "I never had to cure one of the gentry before, me lady; and sure I was horrid bothered" when Mike Kegan" (the under gardener aforesaid) "told me that her ladyship that lived in the big castle beyant Kiloolagh wanted to come see me." I was allowed to penetrate into the inner arcana of the cottage, evidently the consulting-room, where patients are received, and the extraordinary complaints already mentioned are diagnosed. A tidy and spotlessly clean room it was, dignified with a good table and chintz-cushioned chairs. The bright sunshine which defied the half-drawn blind played upon a rosary and crucifix, which, with some sacred oleographs, were the only objects hanging on the walls. Evidently a most pious and Christian witch, whose magic, if magic it were, was of the whitest.

"Katey alanna," she called to her daughter (a typical Irish beauty, pale, with a regular profile, and rather sad blue eyes, who, picturesquely dressed in a red skirt and brown shawl, had sat quietly knitting during the foregoing conversation), "fetch me the can for the water." A bright tin pannikin was brought, and I insisted on accom-

* I am informed by a medical man that this cure is known as "dry cupping," is still in vogue, and of recognized value in certain conditions.

* I write it phonetically, as she pronounced it, not having access to an Erse dictionary.

* i.e. confused.

panying Mrs. O'Brien to the stream, in order to follow the whole ritual thoroughly.

Crossing two fields, in which her calves and a goat or two were grazing, we reached a small stream which, as is essential to the efficacy of its water, divided her holding from another "townland." Standing on a stone by its brink, she stooped and filled her can, holding it in the contrary direction to that in which the stream flowed, and pronouncing the words "In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," whilst at the same time she picked up three small pebbles from the bed of the stream. Then, regaining the inner sanctum of the cottage, she transferred both water and pebbles to a basin, and bade me bare my arm. Under her further directions I "blessed myself" (*anglicè*, made the sign of the cross), and together we said an "Our Father" and "Hail Mary"; and then, placing my hand in the basin, she began slowly making passes down my arm to the finger-tips, first three times with the pebbles, then three times with the water, which she dashed and sprinkled on my skin. Her lips moved silently the while as she repeated the secret charm. This done, we both crossed ourselves again, and once more recited a Pater and Ave, she adding aloud: "Holy Virgin, pray that this pain may be removed. Amen." She would not allow me to wipe my arm, saying it was necessary to leave the water to dry of itself; and when this was finally accomplished, and I had dressed again, we retraced our steps to the brook, into which she threw back the water and pebbles used for me, "In the Name, &c."; but this time *with*, not *against*, the stream.

"Ye'll need to come to me again, me lady," she said, "for three times at the least"; and when I demurred on the score of distance, she added, "Nine

times is the due, but many are cured in three when the pains is not too bad."

She further warned me that my arm would feel quite numb soon, and that after the numbness wore off I should feel little *glourock*s (*i. e.*, twinges of pain) running out at the finger-tips. Having received this reassuring information, and deposited a liberal fee on her table, we took leave of the old lady, with smiles and promises to return soon on one of the three mystic days.

PART II.

Everything happened just as the wise woman had told me; for within the hour I felt a numbness all up my arm which lasted the whole day, and was succeeded by very sharp *glourock*s indeed. I did not fail therefore to pay her the further visits which she had prescribed, being glad of the excuse they offered for chatting with her; and many curious and interesting things I gleaned from her when her shyness wore off, and she realized that I sincerely appreciated and sympathized with her simple piety and old-world lore.

The words of the charm itself I never could get from her, for she said that if told to anyone (save as a bequest to her children for use after her death) the power of working the cure would leave her. But she said that it was "mostly made up of prayers to the Blessed Virgin," and I further gathered from a sentence which she let slip that it contains an allusion to "the water of Jordan that St. John baptized Our Lord with." She said that ever since His baptism, Our Lord had laid that power of curing pain on running water, and passed the knowledge on to His Apostles; and that the faster flows the stream, the quicker will the patient's pains depart. She said "Some are

more easily cured than others. For the ones that be's hardest to cure, I do have to be fetching the water from the big sthream that's the boundary between the two counties"; (meaning that the little sluggish stream would not have the requisite power).

She has cured people for miles around, often having to take the water to the houses of those too bedridden to come to her; and has restored to them the use of their limbs. Once she was actually summoned to Dublin by a poor crippled man who had heard of her fame; and is very proud of her one visit to the capital, where she had to draw the water from the Liffey, rather to the amusement, one would imagine, of the bystanders. But she added humbly, "I never boast of my cures. I only apply the matter and the form" (*i.e.* the water and the words of the charm), "and God and the Blessed Virgin do the rest."

Her medical lore was truly marvellous. She told me that for "a swelling in the flank" the traditional cure is as follows: A brother and a sister must take the patient down to a wet bog, and sink him in a bog-hole, and whilst the brother holds him up in the hole by placing his hands under the sufferer's armpits, the sister must pelt him three times with pieces of turf in the Name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

One curious charm for stopping bleeding I made her repeat several times, but the meaning of the second and third lines has become obscured, as verbal traditions so frequently do, through inaccurate recital, and no sense can be made of them:

In the name of Jesus
I mean the blood of Adam's son was
taken (?)
By the blood of Jesus' Son was
shaken (?)
By these words I do you charge
Your blood no more to flow at large.
LIVING AGE. VOL. XXII. 1154

If the nose bleeds, put your middle finger to the nostril while saying these words: for a cut, put the ball of your thumb to the wound.

For a stitch in the side, hold a hot iron to the place, whilst pronouncing the following prayer:—

Van vea, van vurabh
Knock thee yeastha gullagh.

This was contributed by Katey; but as she merely spelt the Irish words phonetically, and was ignorant of their meaning in English I must leave it to students of the Erse tongue to unriddle.

The last and most amazing item of professional knowledge gleaned from Mrs. O'Brien was when, on one of my visits, I found a pretty child seated beside her door. To my inquiries as to whether she also was a patient, she replied that the child had been sent to her from a town some miles distant, to be cured of a bad place on her leg; but that, as it proved on examination to be "the Running Worm," it was no case for *her* skill, but required the good offices of the seventh son of a seventh son, who alone can deal with this disease.

"So I'm keeping her here with me, me lady, and every day I take her up to old John Murray that lives above at Kilpatrick, for he's the only man in these parts that has the power to cure her."

The poor child's leg, which she insisted on showing me, appeared to have been attacked with some ulcerous kind of swelling, which she assured me was caused by "a worm that runs up and down inside it." This diagnosis would probably have caused a doctor to smile, had he heard it, but the reason she gave of John Murray's powers of healing it was sufficiently curious to warrant my including it

* I am informed that the natives of India also believe in this disease of the "Running Worm."

here. "When the seventh son of a seventh son is born in succession to his six brothers with no sisters in between, if the old women are *crabbit*,⁷ as soon as he is born they will take a he-worm and a she-worm⁸ and tie them up together tight in the infant's clenched hand, till both worms are dead; and then when he grows up he will be able to cure the Running Worm by merely leaving his hand on the place a time or two."

"And how did you learn all these wonderful things?" I queried one day.

"I got them all from me mother," she replied. "She was one of the wisest women in Erin, and led us into all kinds of knowledge. She had the charm for the Raking of the Fire, and the right prayers and charms for everything.⁹ She used to say them in Irish herself, but sure when we went to school we forgot how to talk Irish, and then she had to put the words into English for us."

"And what was the charm for the raking of the fire?" I inquired, and the words she repeated were these:

I rake this fire as Christ rakes the people;
The Blessed Virgin in the end of the house,
And St. Bridget in the middle.
I lay the care of this house, and all
that's within and without
With Jesus Christ until morning.

⁷ Knowledgeable.

⁸ She explained that these were the male and female of the common earthworm, of which one is smooth and the other ringed.

⁹ Shortly after collecting these items of Irish folklore, I became acquainted with that of the Outer Hebrides, through Miss Goodrich-Freer's valuable work upon those islands, and was struck by their similarity, which clearly shows how faithfully the Irish and Highland Celts have preserved the traditions common to them, though for many hundred years there can have been little or no communication between the sister races. "In the Catholic Islands," she says, "there are prayers for travelling, for following the cattle, for going to sea, for raking the peats at night, for roasting them in the

I lay the care of this house, and all
that's within and without
With Jesus Christ for ever and ever.
Amen.

adding "If you say these words every night when you rake out the peats on the hearth, your house will never be in danger of burning."¹⁰

"My mother," she continued, "would never let us rake the fire with iron, we always had to use a wooden stick, for if there's *anything* in the house, it can never come near to warm itself, if the fire has been raked with iron."

With a thrill I realized what she meant to convey by that mysterious "anything." "The Little People, do you mean?" I asked, overjoyed at the possibility of encountering a relic of folklore beyond my wildest hopes.

"Just that," she said, and added, "did your ladyship ever hear how they came upon the earth?"

Fragments of Rabbinical legends,

Of Adam's first wife Lillith,

and their offspring, rose to my lips, but I checked myself, preferring to let her tell me her version.

"Well," she said, "there was war in heaven once, because Satan and the bad angels wanted to sit on higher thrones than Our Lord. And God was angry with them, and bade St. Michael cast them out of it. So he threw them down, till at last the Mother of God, seeing how many had gone, cried out

morning, the theory of saying grace carried to a logical conclusion." ("Outer Isles," by A. Goodrich-Freer. 1902, p. 182.)

¹⁰ "Nothing strikes one as more strange in these islands than the mixture of religion and superstition; and one realizes, as in perhaps few other places, what life must have been in early days when Christianity was first superinduced upon Paganism. . . . The realization of the forces of nature and the powers of evil are strong. . . . One of the most obvious uses of their religion was to play it off, if one may say so, against the powers of darkness. . . . The spinning wheel is blessed when it is put away from the night. . . . the fire when the peats are covered up at bedtime." (Ibid. p. 230.)

aloud, "Son, Son, would you leave the heavens bleak?" So our Lord told St. Michael to stay his hand then, and let them bide as they were. So those who had fallen down into hell stayed there (they are the devils), and those who had fallen on to the earth stayed there, and they are the Little People, the *leprechauns* and *pookhas*, and some who were just toppling over into the clouds stayed there; and they cause storm and tempest."

Here I interposed a remark to the effect that this seemed to bear out the belief current in ancient times that storms could be raised by magic through the powers of darkness, and that in Scripture the Evil One is styled "the prince of the air."

"Yes," she answered, "it is well known that the bad spirits have power to raise storms and wind, but only God has power to calm them."

"Another thing my mother told us," she continued, "was never to go to bed at night without leaving a pan full of clean water in the house, for fear *they* might want it. For once some of them came into a house one night where there was a woman with a new-born baby, and when they wanted to wash it there was no water, so they washed it in the crock of buttermilk, and threw the buttermilk back into the churn to give the people of the house a lesson."¹¹

She was greatly amused at my rapacious appetite for legends, prayers, charms, anything in fact that I could extract from her; but lamented that her memory for them was failing with increased age, and because, moreover, the people no longer spoke of these things amongst themselves as they used to do in her childhood. She said that she could remember the time when of a winter's night the neighbors would

meet round the fire and tell tales (evidently much as the Hebrideans do at a *Ceillidh*¹²), and that when any guest entered they would say "God save all here," to which the mistress of the house would reply, "And God save you kindly! *Siz shees*" (? Irish for "sit down"):

Pressed for more tales, she could only recall two; one of them being the legend of Our Lady, St. Joseph, and the cherry trees which bent down to let her pick their fruit, too well known in England under the form of the *Cherry-tree Carol*¹³ to need insertion here. The other was a legend of St. Patrick which I had not met with before.

St. Patrick had a servant (so her story ran) who was one day chopping wood for his master's fire, and bewailed himself because his axe was blunt. Of a sudden there appeared to him one clad in beautiful shining armor, who told him that if he would ask one question of his master, St. Patrick, he should have a new axe for his pains. The servant agreed, and the stranger then told him that the next morning when the saint was saying Mass, he was to go up to the altar while he was reading the last Gospel, and say to him: "Master, what will be done with wandering spirits at the last day?" The next morning the servant did as he had been ordered, and the Saint, turning round, answered him, "The wandering spirits shall be bound with chains in darkness at the last day;" but added, "Who bade you ask me that question? It was an evil day for you when you agreed thereto, for now you go in danger of death." The servant related what had happened, and the saint told him that, in order to protect

¹¹ This identical legend is found also in the Hebrides: "It is not right that any person should sleep in a house without water in it, especially a young child. In a house thus left without water 'the slender one of the green

coat' was seen washing the infant in a basin of milk." ("Outer Isles," p. 240.)

¹² Cf. *Ibid.* pp. 61-62.

¹³ Also known in the Hebrides. (*Ibid.* p. 216.)

himself, he must dig a deep pit in the forest where he had been cutting wood the day before, and crouch down in it, laying his axe and the saint's own staff crosswise, over the mouth of the pit, so that being under the protection of the cross no harm could befall him. The man did so, and when the evil spirit in shining armor came back to the place to learn the answer to his question (as it had been agreed he should do), he found St. Patrick's servant safe under the shelter of the cross. In a voice of thunder the spirit repeated his question, and when he had received the answer, he sought in his anger to slay the man, but could not come near, because of the sacred symbol which protected the pit's mouth. So at last he was fain to depart, leaving the sharp new axe beside the pit in honorable fulfilment of his part of the bargain.

She did not seem acquainted with any other legends of the Saints, but she told me of wonderful healing miracles performed at the tomb of a certain Father R—, parish priest of K—, close by, a very holy man who died not many years since, and who, when alive, had been known to cast out evil spirits from persons possessed by them. The people, she said, constantly scoop out and take home with them the clay from his grave, believing in its power of healing disease.

Of superstitions, commonly so called, I could only gather two, viz.: that you should "never shake a grain of oats on the land of a Tuesday," and that "if you want a good potato crop" (and who in Ireland does not?), "you should always begin to plant them on Good Friday, even if you only put down the full of your hat of them."

But she had great store of pious prayers derived, no doubt, from ancient sources; of which I subjoin one translated from the Irish for use on Good Friday.

"I adore thee, O most precious Cross, adorned by the venerable and delicate members of Jesus my Saviour; sprinkled and stained with His Blood. I adore Thee, O my God, nailed to the Cross for love of me." This, she added, if said fasting thirty-three times (the number of years of our Lord's life on earth) on Good Friday—but on that day only—will obtain the release of a soul from Purgatory.

It was with deep regret that I at length bade farewell to the dear old woman, when I could no longer plead the excuse of the *shetterhaun* for my visits. (Whether this recovery was really due to her charm or not, I cannot say, though the gardener solemnly asseverated that she had cured him completely; albeit he had to pay the full nine visits to attain this result). But I rejoice to have reaped this little harvest of old-time wisdom from one over whom the grave must soon close; the more so since every day such traditions are fast dying out. The constant emigration to America of the younger generation (her own children have all gone there except Katey), and the modern standard of education alike, have conspired to destroy the old admixture of simple piety and credulity. Nor is it to every chance comer that such shreds of it as remain will be revealed. Needless to say, nothing of the kind can be elicited by either chaff or that coldly superior tone ("like God Almighty talking to a blackbeetle," as the Yankee profanely said) which the Saxon tourists or the Irish gentry—frequently descended from Cromwellian or Orange persecutors, as the unforgetting Celt well knows—too often adopt towards the Catholic native of the soil. But let them be met halfway with kindly sympathy—above all with, when possible, the fellow-feeling which a common love of the Catholic Faith imparts—and the warm Celtic hearts will open, and the poetic fountains be unsealed.

So the hours spent in chatting with my old friend bore me on their happy flight straight back to that "Celtic Twilight" of the Nineteenth Century and After.

light" which contrasts so sharply with the garish sunshine of our modern day.
Ermengarda Greville-Nugent.

RESTAURANT-KEEPING IN PARIS.

Throughout a long and varied experience of French life I have ever made it my rule to associate with all sorts and conditions of men. With no little pleasure therefore I received the following invitation:

"Our Marcel," lately wrote an old friend, "has just taken over a large restaurant in Paris, and my husband and myself are helping the young couple through the first difficult months. Pray pay us an early visit when next here. We shall be delighted to see you to *déjeuner* or dinner."

Madame J—*mère*, the writer of these lines, belongs to a close ring, a unique class, to that consummate feminine type—the French business woman. Search the world through and you will not match the admirable combination, physical and mental powers nicely balanced, unsurpassed aptitude for organization and general capacity putting outsiders to the blush.

Well pleased with the prospect of fresh insight into *bourgeois* life, a week or two later I started for Paris, my first visit being paid to Marcel's restaurant. I had known the young proprietor from his childhood, and Marcel he still remained to me.

What a scene of methodical bustle the place presented! I was here in the region known as "Le Sentier"—that part of Paris lying near the Bourse, made up of warehouses and offices in some degree answering to our own City.

It was now noon, the Parisian hour

of *déjeuner*, for in business quarters the midday meal is still so called, lunch being adopted by society and fashionable hotels only. Marcel's *clientèle* is naturally commercial and cosmopolitan. In flocked Germans, Russians, Italians, Japanese, with, of course, English. The Nijni Novgorod Fair could hardly be more of a Babel. In a very short time the three large dining-rooms were filled with well-dressed men and women of all nationalities, no sooner one occupant throwing down his napkin than the linen of his table being changed with what looked like legerdemain—a veritable sleight-of-hand. That changing of napery for each guest bespeaks the conduct of the restaurant. Here, indeed, and at a few similar establishments in Paris, are to be had scrupulous cleanliness and well-cooked viands of first-rate quality at the lowest possible price.

One franc seventy-five centimes (one and fivepence halfpenny) is the fixed tariff both for *déjeuner* and dinner. For this small sum the client is entitled to half a pint of a good *vin ordinaire*, a *hors-d'œuvre*—i. e., bread and butter with radishes, anchovies, or some other appetizing trifle—and the choice of two dishes from a very varied bill of fare.

As I glanced at the list I noted with some surprise that many expensive items were included—salmon, game, and poultry, for instance. Monsieur J—*père* smilingly enlightened me on the subject.

"You should accompany me one morning at five o'clock to the Halles," he said; "you would then understand the matter. Every day I set out, accompanied by two men-servants with hand-trucks which they bring back laden—fish, meat, vegetables, eggs, butter, poultry and game—I buy everything direct from the vendors, thus getting provisions at wholesale prices. Some articles are always cheap, whilst others are always dear. I set one against the other. Take soles, for instance: soles are always high-priced in Paris, but at the markets the other day I bought up an entire lot, several dozen kilos, and the consequence was that they cost me no more than herrings!"

As we chatted over our excellent *déjeuner*, Monsieur and Madame the elder and myself, the young master was busily helping his waiters, whilst his wife, perched at a high desk, made out the bills and received money. Folks trooped in and trooped out; tables were cleared and re-arranged with marvellous rapidity. Waiters rushed to and fro balancing half a dozen dishes on one shoulder, as only Parisian waiters can, meals served being at the rate of two a minute!

"Next in importance to the quality of the viands," my informant went on, "is the excellence of the cooking. We keep four cooks, each a *chef* in his own department. No apprentices, or *gâte-sauces*, as we call them. One of our cooks is a *rôtisseur*, his sole business being to roast; another is a *saucier*, who is entirely given up to sauce-making—"

Here my old friend stopped, my intense look of amusement exciting his own, and, indeed, the matter seemed one for mirth, also for a humiliating comparison. Since Voltaire's scathing utterance, England pilloried as the benighted country of one sauce, how little have we progressed! In a London restaurant from how many sauces

could we select in sitting down to an eighteenpenny meal? Probably two or three—i. e., mint-sauce in May and apple-sauce in October, throughout the rest of the year contenting ourselves with melted butter. Truly, they manage these things better in France. I dare aver that here the thrice-favored diner could enjoy a different sauce on each day of the year. Again, I could not help making another comparison. The unhappy *rôtisseur*! What a terrible sameness, that perpetual roasting from January to December! The *saucier*, on the contrary, must be set down as a highly favored individual, having a quite unlimited field for the play of fancy and imagination.

"The third cooks vegetables, and the fourth prepares soups and stews. Pastry and ices, being in comparatively small demand, are supplied from outside. We employ four waiters—"

Here, a second time, I could not resist an ejaculation of surprise. At least a score of the nimblest, most adroit beings imaginable seemed on duty, so lightning-like their movements that each, in a sense, quadrupled himself, appeared to be in several places at once. That marvellous adjusting of a dozen dishes, the shoulder doing duty as a dumb waiter is another surprising feat, perhaps explained as follows: a friend of my own attributes French nimbleness to a difference in the seat of gravity. Why do French folk never slip on floors and stairs, however highly polished? Because, he says, their centre of gravity differs from our own. Be this as it may, French plates and dishes, when overturned, are attracted to the ground precisely like Newton's apple.

"Our waiters receive wages," my informant went on, "and of course get a great deal in tips, sometimes a hundred francs to divide between them in a day. Out of this, however, they have to pay for breakages, and im-

mense numbers of plates and dishes are smashed in the course of the year."

If Frenchmen can keep their feet under circumstances perilous to the rest of the world, they are naturally not proof against shocks. And in these crowded dining-rooms the wonder is that accidents were not constantly occurring.

Déjeuner over, Madame J— *mère* accompanied me for a stroll on the boulevard. What a difference between the Paris *Sentier* and the London City!

The weather was neither balmy nor sultry, yet the broad pavement of the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle was turned into a veritable recreation ground. Here, in the very heart of commercial Paris, as in the Parc Monceaux or the Champs Elysées, ladies and nursemaids sat in rows, whilst children trundled their hoops or played ball. So long as out-of-door life is practicable, French folks will not spend the day within four walls, this habit, perhaps, greatly accounting for the national cheerfulness. Delightful it was to see how old and young enjoyed themselves amid the prevailing noise and bustle, the enormously wide pavement having room for all. The boulevard is, indeed, alike lounge, playground, and promenade. On the boulevard is focussed the life of Paris, and, to my thinking, nowhere is this life more worth studying than in the immediate neighborhood of the noble Porte St-Denis.

As we strolled to and fro I had a very interesting and suggestive conversation with Madame J—, senior, and as her share of it throws an interesting light upon French modes of thought, I venture to repeat a portion.

"Yes," she said, "my husband and myself are both well pleased with our daughter-in-law. She brought our son no fortune—"

"No fortune?" I interrupted, incredulously.

"That is to say, no fortune to speak

of, nothing to be called a dowry. When advising Marcel as to the choice of a wife, we did not encourage him to look out for money; on the contrary, whilst he could have married into moneyed families, he chose, with our approbation, a portionless girl, but one well fitted by character and education to be an aid and companion to her husband. Suppose, for instance, that he had married a girl, say, with capital bringing in two or three thousand francs a year. She would have been quite above keeping the books and living in the restaurant, and most likely would have needed her entire income for dress and amusements. No, it is very bad policy for a young man who has his way to make to look out for a *dot*. I have always found it so, more than one young man of my acquaintance having been ruined by a pretentious and thriftless wife. My daughter-in-law, as you see, takes kindly to her duties and position. She is amiable, intelligent and simple in her habits. With such a wife Marcel is sure to get on."

For the next few years this young couple will give their minds entirely to business, foregoing comfort, ease, and recreation in order to insure the future and lay the foundations of ultimate fortune. By-and-by, when affairs have been put on a sure footing, they will take a pretty little flat near Monsieur's place will be occasionally taken by a head waiter; Madame's duties at the desk relegated to a lady bookkeeper. English and French ideals of life differ. To the French mind any sacrifices appear light when made in the interest of the future—above all, the future of one's children. Doubtless by the time this young *restaurateur* and his wife have reached middle age they will have amassed a small fortune, and, long before old age overtakes them, be able to retire.

Let no one suppose that sordidness is the necessary result of such matter-

of-fact views. Here, at least, high commercial standard and rules of conduct go hand in hand with uncompromising laboriousness and thrift; for in France the stimulus to exertion, the lode-star of existence, the corner-stone of domestic polity, is concern for the beings as yet unborn, the worthy foundation of a family.

The super-excellent education now received by every French citizen is not thrown away. I found restaurant-keeping by no means incompatible with literary and artistic taste—an intelligent appreciation of good books, good pictures, and good music.

On our return to the restaurant for tea we found the large dining-rooms deserted except for three somnolent figures in one corner. One waiter was enjoying his afternoon out; his companions were getting a nap with their feet on chairs. All was spick and span—in readiness for the four or five hundred diners at six o'clock. Meantime, we had the place to ourselves.

In the midst of our tea-dripping a gentlemanly looking individual, wearing a tall hat and frock-coat, entered, and, after a short colloquy with the young master, passed out again.

"You would never guess that gen-

Longman's Magazine.

tleman's errand," Marcel said, smiling as he re-seated himself at the tea-table.

"He looked to me like a rather distinguished customer," I replied; "some Government functionary on half-pay, or small *rentier*."

Marcel smiled again.

"That well-dressed gentleman, then, supplies us with toothpicks, which his wife makes at home. He calls once a month, and our orders amount to about a franc a day. I daresay he and his wife between them make from thirty to forty francs a week and contrive to keep up appearances upon that sum. It is an instance of what we call *la misère dorée*" (gilded poverty).

Truly one lives to learn! That retaller of *cure-dents*, in his silk hat and frock-coat, was another novel experience of Parisian life—an experience not without its pathos. I shall not easily forget the gentlemanly looking man with his long *favoris* and his odd industry. I add that the Paris City—i. e., "Le Sentier"—since July last has followed English initiative, warehouses and offices being now closed therein from noon on Saturday till Monday morning.

M. Betham-Edwards,

Officier de l'Instruction Publique de France.

BRITISH INTERESTS ON THE PERSIAN GULF.

Lord Curzon's visit to the Persian Gulf is the symptom of the present need to reassert our traditional policy that the geographical position of the Persian Gulf, on the immediate flank of our line of communications with India, Ceylon, Australasia and the Far East generally, makes it impossible for Great Britain to tolerate the establishment in those waters of any rival foreign Power. The capital sunk is great.

It is owing to British effort, and at the cost of British lives and treasure, in the past, that the Gulf is now comparatively free from piracy and open to the trade and shipping of the world. Though the overwhelming majority of this trade is still in British hands, and carried in British ships, other nations are now competing; and there was never a time when it was so necessary to watch events there with close at-

tention. The Russian press—and it is to be remembered such expressions of opinion would not be permitted, by the rigid censorship, if they did not, in some degree, reflect the mind of the Russian Government—constantly refers to Russian aspirations towards the establishment of a Russian port in, or in the neighborhood of, the Persian Gulf. Although any unbiassed visitor to the Persian Gulf will still be struck by the huge preponderance of British shipping and British trade, every effort is being made and every nerve strained to build up and foster a trade "connection" by sea with Russia. No one can cavil at any nation pushing its own trade, in any part of the world, by every legitimate means in its power; but when such quasi-mercantile means are manifestly being employed to a political end, and fictitious "interests" are evidently being created with a view to their after use as bargaining material, it is well, and also interesting, to watch the process closely.

Some three or four years ago, a Russian trading ship was seen for the first time in the Persian Gulf. Her trial trip was far from being a commercial success; the goods she brought were disposed of with difficulty, at low prices, and she returned to Odessa almost empty. The loss was considerable, and the experiment could only be repeated with the financial assistance of the Russian Government. This was given with no niggard hand. A subsidy was granted, and the experiment was continued. Within the past year a definite agreement has been arrived at between the Russian Government and an Odessa steamship company, according to which, in return for a subsidy of £20,000 annually for the next twelve years, the company will build new ships specially adapted to local conditions, and will despatch four such steamers every year from Odessa to Persian Gulf ports. Consular and

commercial agents have been appointed at various places to study the demands and requirements of local markets, and to nurse the infant trade. So-called "museums," displaying samples of Russian goods and manufactures with full details as to price, quality, &c., have been established at various points for the dissemination of commercial information. Frequent opportunity has been found for Russian cruisers to patrol the Gulf, calling at various ports and exchanging civilities with the native rulers thereof. Recently a Russian and French cruiser made the tour of the Gulf in company; one may well imagine that the importance of the Franco-Russian alliance lost nothing in the telling, in the course of the conversations with local magnates. The Russian press has made no pretence of concealing its satisfaction that the appearance of Russian warships foreshadows the decline and fall of British influence and predominance.

Perhaps no one who has not passed some time in the East can fully appreciate the immense importance of prestige. English statesmen have appreciated as little as merchants the extent to which Asiatics are open to impressions received through the eye. Unlettered according to our Western standards, and without contemporary literature, the Asiatic has small chance of being able to appreciate anything he does not see, or feel, or anything which lies beyond the ken of his own immediate surroundings. What inference are the Arab tribes, inhabiting the coasts of the Persian Gulf, likely to draw from the object-lesson deliberately offered to them? In their fathers' time, nay in their own, down to within the last three or four years, the only ships of war ever seen were British ships. the only flag—the white ensign. Now they see the ships of other nations, and are quite acute enough to appreciate the size and guns

and fighting tops of "show" ships, as compared with the more familiar British gunboat. The better classes are, no doubt, perfectly aware that the real naval strength of the foreigner, as compared with Great Britain, is not in direct proportion with the size of the individual ships which happen to visit this or that port, but still it is hard to get away from the impression that the efforts, deliberately made, have not been entirely in vain, and that British prestige has suffered.

No one is so well qualified to correct any such false impression in the Arab mind as Lord Curzon. Few men, if any, have so intimate a knowledge of the history and the problems of the Middle East, and no one is more capable of dealing with them. In a private capacity he has visited and studied the countries bordering on the Persian Gulf, and his books, though published some years ago, may still be described as the acknowledged text-books on the subject. Some of the opinions he has expressed, as an individual author, are,

The Saturday Review.

no doubt, far from palatable to foreign nations that would fain avail themselves of the Pax Britannica to push their own trade and to create more or less spurious "interests" in those waters. It is probable that this tour will be the signal for an outburst of anglophobe misrepresentation in the Russian press; this, however, may be viewed with equanimity. Of the trade and other British interests connected with the Persian Gulf, a large proportion is British-Indian, and considerable colonies of British-Indian subjects are settled at most, if not all, of the ports to be visited by Lord Curzon. Moreover, among Eastern peoples, accustomed to patriarchal government, the personal element is an important factor. It is well, therefore, that those native rulers, such as the Sultan of Muscat, and the chiefs of Bahrein and Koweit, with whom we have special and intimate relations, should have an opportunity of seeing in the flesh and speaking to the Viceroy, representing His Britannic Majesty the Emperor of India.

THE MATERIAL PILLAR OF SOCIETY.

Amid fiscal controversies and speculations on the future of this or that nation or civilization, a question has arisen which concerns the future of all civilizations. At the recent meetings of the Royal Society the meaning of radium was discussed, and Sir William Ramsay and Sir Oliver Lodge have given their views of the significance of the discovery. The properties of the new element have been explained to the world at length, and most people are familiar by hearsay with the stuff, which is worth £15,000 an ounce, if an ounce could be put on the market. But now we are given on the best authority

the deduction of scientists from the discovery, and a very startling deduction it is. It appears that elements of high atomic weight, such as uranium and radium, are constantly decomposing into elements of low atomic weight. "In doing so they give off heat, and also possess the curious property of radio-activity. What these elements are is unknown, except in one case; one of the products of the decomposition of the emanations from radium is helium." Now gold is an element of high atomic weight. Is gold changing, and is the process capable of being accelerated by human ingenu-

ity? Sir William Ramsay thinks that if it is, "it is much more likely that it is being converted into silver and copper than that it is being formed from them." He concludes that at this stage speculation is futile, but that further experiment is certain to lead to a more positive knowledge of the elements and their transformation. So far it is more probable that gold may be transformed into copper than copper into gold, but there is always a possibility that science may achieve the converse. If such a time ever comes, the old charlatans of the Middle Ages will be strangely justified of their heresies.

The transmutation of metals was the pet scheme of the alchemists, and many were their dreams of a potion which should transform iron into gold. So far modern speculation seems to point to a natural process of transmutation, supposing such transmutation exists; but what is a natural process to-day may to-morrow be induced or accelerated by science.

Do people realize what would happen if this mediæval dream ever became a modern reality? If it became possible simply and expeditiously to transmute lead and iron into gold or silver, the basis of our civilization would disappear. Wealth in kind would become the only form of riches. The stores of bullion at the banks would become simply heaps of scrap-iron. The great financial centres of the world, which owe their importance to their gold reserves, would lose the basis of their pre-eminence. The change, perhaps, would not come at once. For a little while coined gold and silver would remain at a fictitious value; but as the aggregate of precious metal increased immoderately and its intrinsic value fell, the nominal value, which must bear some relation to real value, would also decline. A sovereign would become no more than a dishonored bank-

note, representing, it is true, a certain amount of labor or produce, but incapable of realization in any known value, because the basis of values had fallen. Banking would come to an end; reserves of capital would cease to have any practical meaning; all forms of investment would cease; the gold-producing countries, like the Transvaal and West Australia, would be bankrupted; and the elaborate system of commerce which mankind has built up during a thousand years would crumble about our ears, for there would be no standard, no little rod, by which to measure prices.

After the first confusion of the catastrophe was over, and men had time to face the problem, they would realize that there was no way of escape. The old civilization had gone for ever. A standard of value is necessary for all people living in a complex society under different modes of life and at considerable distances from each other. And such a standard must possess three qualities,—it must not be a common commodity, but something relatively scarce; it must exist in some portable form; and it must be, roughly speaking, imperishable. A standard of value is not the same thing as a medium of exchange, but it is impossible wholly to separate them. We cannot have some clumsy and impracticable standard, and a simple and practicable medium, for it must always be possible to transpose the two, and use as the medium of exchange that which is also the standard of value. A bank-note is a convenient counter, but only because we can change it for gold by crossing the street. The essential conditions of a standard, it seems to us, are fulfilled only by the precious metals. They are rare, they admit of presentation in a handy form, and, what is more, they can be made to bear the impress of the State, which fixes their value; and, finally, they are for

all practical purposes indestructible. No other commodity known to man has the same merits. Precious stones are rare, but they exist as fixed units, incapable of adaptation to a common pattern, and they would be excessively awkward in daily use. Who is to tell in an ordinary hurried bargain a diamond from a piece of crystal? It would in no way meet the difficulty to use as the medium of exchange counters of some cheap substance marked with an index number referring to some standard of value in the shape of precious stones, for in the last resort the two uses cannot be differentiated, and we should only postpone our difficulty to a later stage.

The destruction of civilized society would be the only result. Our commerce would become barter and little more. Doubtless in time ratios of value would be fixed in practice between different goods, and instead of being able to set down the price of a ship in gold we should be compelled to state it in the terms of a number of equivalent commodities. We have got beyond calculating in coins, though we still talk of being impecunious. The basis of a complex commerce would be gone. Our methods of banking, our State finance, our company system would all disappear. Life would become barren, nations would become poorer, cities would be forsaken, population would diminish. The principle of division of labor, which is the basis not only of society but of international commerce, would be rudely shaken. Life would not become simpler, for a currency is the great simplifier of life, though we are so used to it that we can scarcely realize its absence; but society would slowly settle down to its rude elements. All complex trades and professions would be eliminated, and in that Saturnian era life would be highly ascetic, highly difficult, and extremely dull. We could not even have a tariff and a fiscal controversy with-

out a standard of value such as the precious metals provide.

We are all ready to admit that the precious metals are the root of all evil; but it is equally true that they are the foundation of that laborious civilization which mankind has been at such pains to create. To have a civilization we must have a suitable standard of value and a convenient medium of exchange, and if the metals were ever to be made freely transmutable our basis would be gone, so far as the human mind can see. It is apparently a small thing—the mere fact that by some law of Nature it has been impossible so far to change the specific character of certain metals—but it is the mainstay of our populous world. We do not always realize how delicate an affair is the system which looks so stable; take away one screw and the machine will fall to pieces. One notable tendency of modern science is to break down barriers which our forefathers regarded as eternal. Species is shown to be linked with species, substance to fade into substance, things to spring from and return to their apparent opposites. But human society has been based on certain distinctions among things, so that there is always a danger to it from that slow destruction of boundary walls in which scientific progress consists. Some day we may wake up to find that that science which we fondly thought was the buttress of our civilization has succeeded in pulling away the foundations from beneath our feet.

In view of these facts, the curious question arises, if a man of science were to find a cheap and easy method of turning lead into gold, should he, if he were an unselfish lover of his kind, keep the discovery secret and let it die with him, or should he say, "My duty is to publish my discovery, no matter what the consequences"? What answer should be given involves a very nice piece of casuistry.

MOVING ONWARD.

Years moving onward, onward. Whence, and whither, and why?
Age after age in the self-same world, with the self-same stars in the sky;
The self-same glory of light in Heaven and light that is still on the way;
Outlooking gaze of the damsel dawn and droop of declining day;
All things always the same, unchanged, unchangeable, all save we
Who come like clouds, like clouds disappear, form and fall like waves of the
sea;

Message and meeting of severed friends, Yule carol, New Year chime,
And Eternity moving on and on, on the passionless wheels of Time;
Peace but a hungry duel for life darkening to menace of war,
And Muscovite legions tramping on, doing the will of the Tsar.

New philosophies, policies; new, new, but like to the old—
Fervent in faith at the birth, then questioned, railed at, obsolete, cold;
Mailed mastodons ploughing the main, their backs bulging over the foam,
Watching to vomit forth lethal fire and drive desolation home;
Fretful heart of some dreading boy in the crimsoning coverts of Spring,
Moving, mellowing slowly on to become a poet and sing;
Or destined by Heaven to wake and shake the world with mighty voice,
And make the knees of the tyrant quail and the heart of the slave rejoice,
To gather the tumult of every tide and the fury of every blast,
And pile fresh thunders of thought upon the freshening storms of the past;
British sentinels standing mute at the fortress gates of the world,
And the British flag on every sea with its splendid symbol unfurled,
Carrying liberty, reverence, law, wherever wave-pulses reach
To bale-laden quay, to highway, stream, and palm-wattled island beach;
Lovers, husbands, like you, like me, torn from their homes afar,
Marching, marching, onward and on, doing the will of the Tsar;
Past slinking and snarling, white-fanged sloth, through limitless leagues of
snow,

Moon after moon of monotonous months till the blue-eyed scillas blow,
And the cold-sleeping rivers yawn and wake and mightily flush and flow;
Peasant mother and maiden left at their desolate doors ajar,
While their sons and lovers march warward, deathward, doing the will of the
Tsar.

But still the glory of light in Heaven and light that is still on its way;
Faint hearts that despond of to-morrow look up, and be done with despair
or dismay.

For British sentinels stand erect at the fortress gates of the world,
And the British flag is on every sea with its splendid symbol unfurled,
And the Lord of Right still sits on His throne, still wields His sceptre and
rod,

And the winds and the waves and the years move on doing the will of God.

The London Times.

Alfred Austin.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. Thomas Wright, author of "The Life of Edward Fitzgerald," has for six months been engaged on a "Life of Walter Pater." He has so much material on his hands that he expects that it will take two years for him to finish the work.

"E. Nesbit," whose latest volume of short stories has just been published by the Macmillans, is in private life Mrs. Edith Nesbit Bland, and has hitherto been best known by her books for children, especially her narratives of the "Would-be-Goods."

In the fourth edition, just coming from the Clarendon Press, of "English Miracle Plays, Moralities, and Interludes," edited by Mr. A. W. Pollard, some illustrations from fifteenth and sixteenth century sources, with notes, are added for the first time.

"Esarhaddon," by Leo Tolstoy (Funk & Wagnalls Co.), contains three characteristic stories or allegories, which the author wrote as a contribution to the relief fund for the benefit of the survivors of the Kisheneff massacre. They are very brief and slight, but full of the Tolstoy spirit.

The last novel written by Mrs. Alexander is to be published this month. The preface discloses the fact that, although Mrs. Alexander was seventy-seven years old when she wrote this book, it is the first story in which she has made use of her early reminiscences of Irish life and character.

Alfred Ollivant is reported to be possessed of a literary conscience so acute that he has purchased all copies

of his "Danny" in the hands of the publishers, together with the plates, and has destroyed them, because he felt that the book was not worthy. Yet it had received high praise and was selling well.

The close friends of Mr. Herbert Spencer object to the statement which has been made in some sketches of his career that he possessed little if any sense of humor. They say that this announcement is itself as full of humor as he was; and that he could not only be humorous, but could tell a good story extremely well, sometimes in capital county dialect.

The Rev. Hiram Vrooman publishes, through the "Nunc Licet" press of Philadelphia, a volume on "The Federation of Religions," in which he essays to define and explain the movement having that aim in view, of which he is the President. It is a contribution to spiritual philosophy of somewhat subtle character, and serves at the same time as a kind of tract in the spread of an interesting ethical propaganda.

Among the spring announcements of Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. are "The Life of Dean Farrar," an authorized biography by his son Reginald Farrar; "Ruskin Relics," a volume of Ruskin reminiscences by the author's friend and biographer, W. G. Collingwood; "A Bachelor in Arcady," a romance by Halliwell Sutcliffe; and "The Merchant of Venice," in the series of reprints from the First Folio of 1623.

The foundation of Mr. Marion Crawford's literary fame may be said to

have been laid in thirty-five days, for his first story, "Mr. Isaacs," was begun and finished within that time. That was about twenty years ago. Before that, he had done considerable work in journalism, and rather oddly one of the publications to which he was a contributor was the "American Bankers' Magazine." Mr. Crawford is just fifty.

"The Consul" was the title borne by the late Emma Booth Tucker, in the Salvation Army, and a little volume with that title, from the publishing department of the Army, written by her husband, Commander Booth Tucker, tells with simplicity and directness the story of her singularly consecrated and useful life. The book has a pathetic interest, now while the "consul's" tragic death is still fresh in memory; and it conveys a vivid impression, not only of Mrs. Booth Tucker's character and work, but of the methods and spirit of the Army of which she was one of the commanders.

"An Englishwoman's Love-Letters" are to appear in a German translation under the title "Liebesbriefe eines Englischen Mädchens." The Academy records the fact that a German book of a similar character, and also anonymous, "Briefe die ihn nicht erreichten" (Letters which did not reach him) has lately made a great sensation in Berlin. The letters purport to be written by a woman to a man who unfortunately lost his life in Pekin during the late disturbances. She was married, but her husband became insane and he dies during the correspondence. No confession of love had taken place between the lady

and her friend when they met in Pekin, but with perfect delicacy she reveals to him her real feeling in the letters written after her husband's death. The book has pathos, charm, sincerity, and is indubitably by a woman.

In the sixth volume of the documentary history of The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898, which the Arthur H. Clark Company of Cleveland is publishing, the period covered is that from 1583 to 1588. It was a gloomy time, for the Spanish colonists were poor and discouraged and the luckless natives were dying off fast under the tyrannous Spanish rule. Yet it was a time of large ambitions. Nothing less than the conquest of China was contemplated by the ecclesiastics and adventurers in the islands. China figures largely in the volume. There are copious extracts from a history of China, compiled by Father Mendoza; and there is the full text of an elaborate appeal made to the Spanish king to authorize the scheme for the conquest of China, and to furnish means for the undertaking. Great advantages, spiritual and commercial, are set forth at length by the notables of the islands, as certain to accrue from the conquest, and among other things it appears that an amalgamation of races was contemplated, the Chinese women being described as admirably suited to be wed by the Spanish settlers and soldiers. These old letters, memorials and decrees present more vividly the actual workings of the minds of these priests and adventurers, the motives which prompted them, and the ambitions which stirred them, than could be gained from any but contemporary history.

THE ETERNAL VOICE.

"Let not Moses therefore speak to me, but thou, Lord my God, eternal truth; lest haply I die, and be made without fruit."—*Imitation of Christ*, bk. 3, c. 2, cf. *The Confessions of St. Augustine*, bk. 9, c. 25.

Not Moses, Lord,
Nor any of the prophets, lest I die,
And, hearkening not to Thee, bring
forth no fruit;
They mark the route,
Thy word is strength to walk thereby.

Low is Thy voice,
Scarce heard amid the streets' un-
thinking din,
Scarce 'mid the empty laughter and
the shout;
Tumult without,
And deadlier tumult far within.

Sweet is Thy voice
For him that heareth Thee; the
Charmer Thou,
That charmeth wisely; the soul, upon
Thy call,
Forgetteth all,
And following Thee, hath good enow.

C. L.

The Pilot

FROM WINDERMERE.

Moored by a green isle of Winander-
mere—

Listening the gentlest lapping of the
wave

On the rock margin, and the black-
birds' brave

Soldierly antiphons, afar and near,
And the wind's whispered evensong—I
hear

A sound beyond, and sweeter as more
grave

Than ever paradise of nature gave,
Dear to my heart of old, and now more
dear:

The roar of London—the deep under-
song,

The myriad music of immortal souls
High-couraged, much-enduring, 'midst
the long

Drear toll and gloom and weariness.
It rolls

Over me with all power, for in its tone
The hearts I love in Christ beat with
my own.

Samuel John Stene.

THE BORDERLAND.

Within the land of shades, hand locked
in hand,

Borne here or there by impulse of
the mind

They wandered, he and she, nor
sought to find

A dearer spot than this calm twilight
land,

Where dwelt in blessed peace a quiet
band

Unvexed by glaring light or heat un-
kind,

Nor cold, nor jangling noise, nor
passion blind

E'er found a foothold on that gentle
strand.

Each shade had bathed in Lethe and
forgot

That earth had been, till lo! when
these passed by

Like dim, remembered dream, a sud-
den thought

Of deeper joy than theirs shone in
each eye.

For sweet is rest, but love-crowned
rest, indeed,

Is all of bliss that weary mortals
need.

Adene Williams.

THE TRUE IMPERIALISM.

Here, while the tide of conquest rolls
Against the distant golden shore,
The starved and stunted human souls
Are with us more and more.

Vain is your Science, vain your Art,
Your triumphs and your glories vain
To feed the hunger of their heart
And famine of their brain.

Your savage deserts howling near,
Your wastes of ignorance, vice, and
shame,—

Is there no room for victories here,
No field for deeds of fame?

Arise and conquer while ye can
The foe that in your midst resides,
And build within the mind of Man
The Empire that abides.

William Watson.